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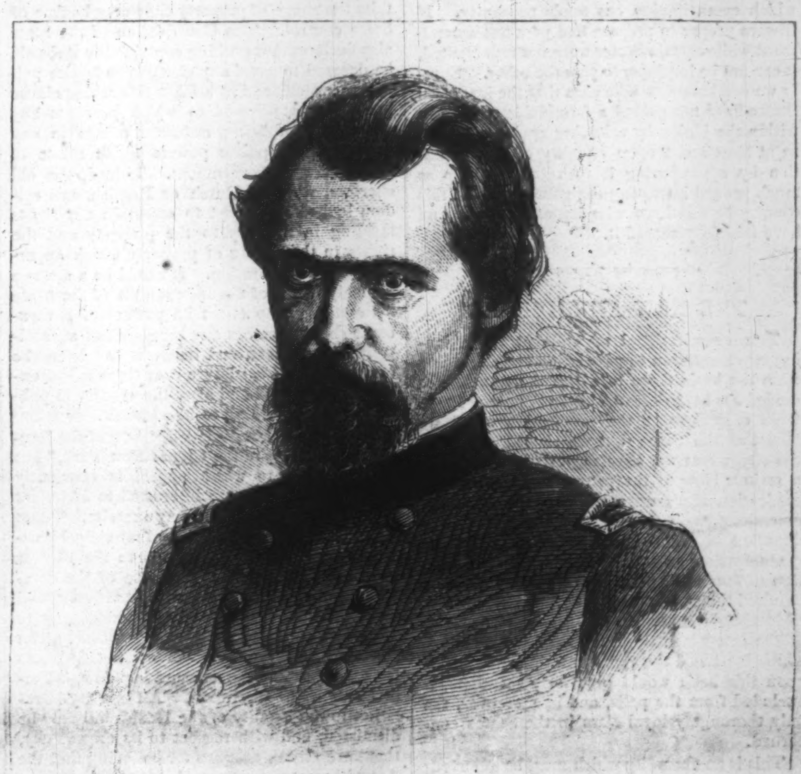
THE LATE COLONEL BOWERS.

COLONEL THEODORE S. BOWERS, who, after passing safely through the perils of General GRANT's campaigns, was killed by accident on the 7th inst., was a native of Illinois. He was a printer by trade, and at the breaking out of the war edited a Democratic paper in Southern Illinois. He entered the military service as a private in the Forty-eighth Illinois Infantry, declining a commission, and served with this regiment until the return of Gen. GRANT's reconnoissance in January, 1862, when he was detailed as clerk at the General's head-quarters.

Colonel BOWERS was with GRANT at Forts Henry and Donelson, and until the 9th of March following, when he accepted the First-Lieutenancy of his Company, declining the Captaincy, which was tendered him. He held this position at the battle of Shiloh, during which he was again called to GRANT's head-quarters and appointed Aid-de-camp. In November, 1862, he was made Captain and Aid-de-camp, and soon after Major and Judge-Advocate in the Army of the Tennessee. In September, 1863, he was assigned Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel—succeeding to Colonel RAWLINS, promoted. From that time till the surrender of LEE's army he was General GRANT's chief Assistant Adjutant-General in the field, and at the close of the war retained the same position. In September, 1864, he was, in consideration of his eminent services, appointed Major and Assistant Adjutant-General in the regular army.

Colonel BOWERS was killed instantly by falling between the cars while attempting to get on the train as it was leaving Garrison's Station of the Hudson River Railroad. General GRANT with his son, accompanied by the Colonel, arrived at Garrison's Station, opposite West Point, at a late hour on the evening of the 7th, and was compelled to remain overnight. The next day the party went across, and the General, leaving his son at West Point, returned to the east side with Colonel BOWERS. When the train arrived by which they were to return to New York some difficulty occurred in relation to a carpet-bag belonging to the party being missed, when Colonel BOWERS followed the station agent to the office to see about it, General GRANT, in the mean time, being seated in the car next to the rear. When the agent arrived in the ticket-office he picked up a carpet-bag and presented it to the view of Colonel BOWERS, who said, "That is not the one." These were the last words spoken by the deceased. The train at that time was in motion, when Colonel BOWERS rushed out to get on board. In attempting to do so he seized hold of the railing on the platform of the car in which General GRANT was seated, and jumped upon the step, his body striking with such force against the car as to break his hold on the railing, precipitating him from the step. In the fall he swung around between the cars, his head and that part of his body above the hips falling inside of the track, the car running over him, producing death instantly. His body was dragged about one hundred yards on to a switch and over it, the head being horribly mutilated, as was also the upper part of the body. As soon as possible the train was stopped, and the body of the unfortunate man was taken from the track.

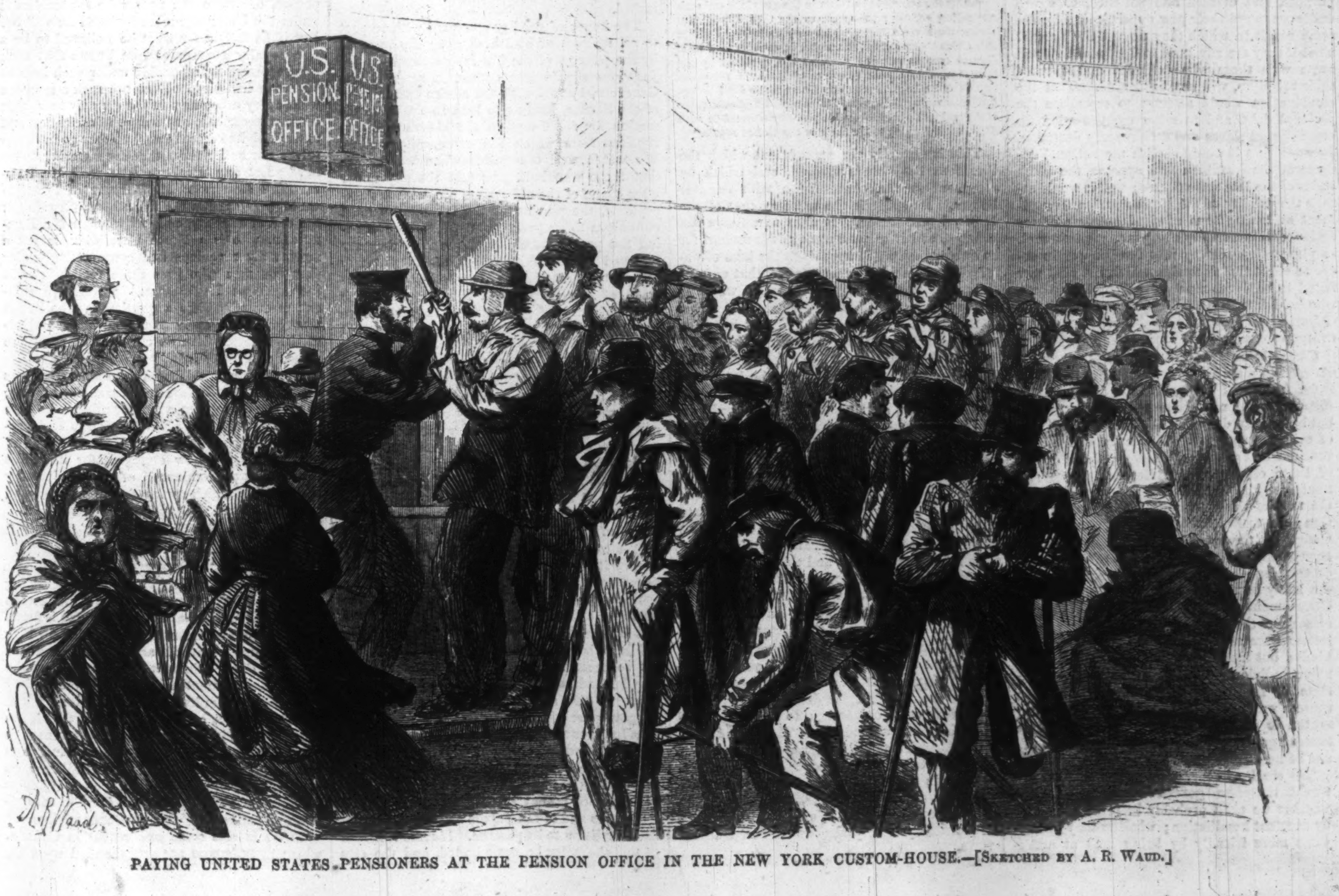
General GRANT was notified of the accident by Mr. GARRISON, the proprietor of the ferry, who said, "General, I think your Adjutant is killed." General GRANT replied, "Something told me he was killed;" and upon seeing the body he said, "That is he; a very estimable man he was. He has been with me through all my battles." Turning to Major HILL, of West Point, he ordered the body to be taken to that place and buried, there to remain until further orders.



THE LATE COLONEL THEODORE S. BOWERS, GENERAL GRANT'S ADJUTANT-GENERAL
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

PAYING PENSIONERS.

WE give an illustration on this page of the manner in which United States pensioners are treated at the Pension Office in the basement of the Custom-house of this city. During the week, ending March 9, several hundred of the two or three thousand wounded and disabled veterans received their dues for the six months preceding. The accommo-



PAYING UNITED STATES PENSIONERS AT THE PENSION OFFICE IN THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

dations provided for this purpose are very inadequate. The office is in a basement to which the only access is by a precipitous flight of steps.

There are so few clerks, and so wretched are the accommodations provided for them, that people attending the office, some of them maimed soldiers and many of them aged women, are compelled to stand in a long line for many hours in the wind and cold waiting their turn. The policeman at the entrance does his duty with commendable patience, but finds it hard work to sometimes resist the pressure. Spite of the many proposed remedies to the evil affairs have remained as they were, and the line which extended from the door of the office in Exchange Place around the corner of the Custom-house and thence into Wall Street as far as William in days by-gone still occupies the same position. As only two hundred and fifty persons are paid each day, the sums handed to each varying from twelve to three hundred dollars, the proceedings will require some days for completion.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 24, 1866.

MAKE HASTE SLOWLY.

It is agreed by all loyal men that the mere fact of laying down arms did not entitle the late insurgent States to resume immediately their full relations in the Union. The principle of the President's policy hitherto is that those States must conform to certain conditions prescribed by the Government. That is also the principle asserted by Congress. These conditions must, of course, be reasonable and generous; but they can be wisely determined only by ample knowledge and deliberation. Some risks must be taken, some perils ventured. But after so terrible a war we can surely afford to be careful in establishing peace. We must build upon things rather than upon words, and the action of the Government must be determined not by theories but by the actual state of affairs.

The important point to ascertain is whether those whose honest hostility to the Government led them to attempt its overthrow are still inimical to it; and if so, whether they should at once be intrusted with an equal share in its administration. That the rebellion was the fruit of an original and traditional difference of interpretation of the Constitution is undeniable. That the section in which the war was waged had a very hearty hatred of the other section is known by every man who knows any thing of the subject; and that the citizens lately insurgent are conquered and not converted is not only a recognized fact, but the supposition of any other feeling upon their part is scorned and derided as showing profound ignorance of history and human nature.

This being admitted, is it not fair to assume, and is not the assumption so far honorable and not dishonorable to the citizens in question, that being men of strong convictions, of earnest purpose, and of skill and patience, they will endeavor to use their new opportunities for the same result to which they turned their arms? That if they are admitted to Congress they will unite with those who defended and excused their rebellion, will not be denied. That the combination would attempt to repudiate the national debt, and to allow compensation for emancipated slaves and for property destroyed by war; that it would abolish the national defense of the freedmen and approve the black codes of the late slave States; that it would attack the validity of the Emancipation Amendment as having been adopted by some States under coercion, and by every means would seek to plunge this country into foreign war in order to effect that secession which the civil war failed to achieve, must be believed by those who hold that it is foolish to suppose that the defeated party are converted because they are overpowered.

Certainly no man can wish to take such a view. No man can wish to feel that the dominant feeling of the population in the lately disturbed section is hostile to the Government; but he can not deny that the irresistible weight of evidence shows it. The action of the conventions and of the legislatures; the elections of State officers and of Representatives and Senators; the black codes; the vagrant laws; the tone of the press and of private conversation; the testimony before the Committee of Congress; the special correspondence in the newspapers; the tales of commercial and other travelers—all prove that the sentiment of the lately insurgent States is unfriendly to the Government and Union. There is testimony also upon the other side. There are private letters from agents and immigrants of various kinds; but individual evidence is rebutted by other individual evidence, and the prevailing state of feeling must be inferred from the sources we have indicated. Now is there any reason to suppose that in proportion as these States again acquire power of any kind it will not be used inimically to the country?

We shall, of course, be asked whether we would therefore govern them as colonies; whether we shall probably increase their love by constant humiliation; whether they will become more friendly by being held at arm's-length; whether we expect them to love the name of Yankee, or to confess that they were wrong as well as worsted; and whether we should respect them as much if they were not manly enough to stand by their cause? Such questions are natural, and we have no difficulty in answering them. Nobody from the President down, except the Copperhead party, asks for indiscriminate admission or for indefinite exclusion. But there is a middle point between frost and fire. Some risks must be taken and will be, but also some securities may be demanded which are more than words.

It is plain that the calm spirit in which the question should have been considered has been lost by the misunderstanding between the President and Congress. But one preliminary measure is clearly essential, and it is one upon which President and Congress can agree.

If the President was not opposed to making assent to the emancipation amendment a condition precedent to the resumption of the relations of the disturbed States with the Union, he can not fairly object to adding to it an amendment providing for equal representation which emancipation has made necessary. If it were proper to propose and pass one amendment while certain States were not represented, it can not be improper to pass the other. Surely we are bound to take care that the insurgent States have not gained a formidable advantage within the Union by rebelling against it. Let us at least insist upon equality of representation by apportioning it to voters, and do so much toward intrusting the government of this country to all those who honestly love it and have faithfully served it.

THE NEW AMENDMENT.

The constitutional amendment apportioning representation to population and excluding from the basis those to whom the franchise is denied has been defeated in the Senate. There were objections to the proposition which we stated at the time; but we should, under all the circumstances, have regretted its defeat as a serious blow to the prospects of speedy organization if we were not very sure that the amendment was to obviate a difficulty in the situation which is sure to be remedied. The emancipation amendment, upon the assumption of four million freedmen and a basis of a hundred thousand persons for a representative, adds sixteen members to the representation of the late Slave States. Yet the population which increased the representation, and which upon this basis would give forty members, is excluded from the polls, and is, moreover, the only thoroughly loyal class in the States concerned.

This is an absurdity which must be adjusted; and as the Committee's amendment has failed, Senator Doolittle has introduced a substitute, as follows:

> "After the census to be taken in the year 1870 and each succeeding census representatives shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union according to the number in each State of male electors over twenty-one years of age, qualified by the laws thereof to choose members of the most numerous branch of its Legislature; and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States according to the value of the real and personal taxable property situated in each State, not belonging to the State or the United States."

This is virtually the amendment which the President has always favored, and which he suggested in the conversation with Senator Dixon. Its spirit is the same as that of the defeated proposition. It aims to enlarge the suffrage, and it offers a strong inducement for its enlargement. It appeals to the love of political power, and expects to effect that enfranchisement of the colored population which is the key of the situation.

Senator Wilson, whose political sagacity and fidelity to freedom are proverbial, is of opinion that the rejected amendment would have produced equal suffrage in the late slave States within five years. Doubtless he and all his friends are, as Senator Fessenden said, in favor of abolishing all caste distinctions immediately. But they are very sure that the result can be better accomplished indirectly and by degrees. The feeling of the Senate is shown by the fate of Senator Henderson's proposed amendment, which forbade any State to discriminate against any person on account of color or race. A radical Senate gave ten yeas for the proposition and thirty-seven nays. Senators Yates, Sumner, and Clark made the same effort with a still worse result. The Senate has plainly pronounced for leaving the regulation of the suffrage to the States.

It becomes therefore the duty of every man who knows that there can be, and ought to be, no cessation of agitation until the colored citizen has exactly the same defenses of his rights that every other citizen has, to urge the adoption of the new amendment. There are doubtless difficulties and objections. But now that the effort to secure a direct adjustment of the suffrage in the States by the Senate has failed, Mr. Sumner and his friends, who defeated the Committee's amendment, assume a very grave responsibility if they also defeat Mr. Doolittle's.

STATE POWER OVER THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

The idea is entertained by many citizens that acts of the Legislature subjecting the city of New York to the control of State officers in whole or in part is an infringement of the corporate rights of the city; but this opinion must immediately be dispelled when it is understood that the city has no public powers except those derived, directly or indirectly, from the Constitution of the State, and that, like all other cities, it is part of its political machinery for carrying into effect the public power of government. It is true that the charter of the city was derived originally from other sources, but on the accomplishment of the Revolution the State of New York succeeded to the rights over the charter which the Parliament of Great Britain might previously have exercised. Those rights were partially modified by the Constitution of the United States, which declared that no State should impair the obligation of contracts. So far, therefore, as the franchises of the city possessed such pecuniary value as to take the shape of property they may be free of State control. The Constitution of the State also declares that nothing contained in it should be deemed to *annul* any charters to bodies politic or corporate; but neither this saving clause nor the one referred to which prevents any contract from being impaired affects in any manner those public powers which relate to the matter of government. Indeed, the old charters, whether Dutch or English, are seldom looked at, except to ascertain the rights residing in the city to the property and the rights in the nature of property which appertain to the corporation. It would be a strange anomaly if one of the instruments of the State for carrying into effect its powers of government should possess any independent authority in this respect, and hence it has been the custom of the Legislature ever since it had existence to amend and alter the charter in public matters according to its pleasure.

A volume of laws entitled "Acts of the Legislature relating to the City of New York," has been printed, to which appeal is constantly made by those who are interested to find what powers and rights the city may exercise. These acts cover the whole ground of municipal power. Occasionally amendments to the charter have been submitted to the vote of the commonalty of the city, but it is perfectly well known that such vote is wholly unnecessary to determine the legality of the alterations. The power of the Legislature over the subject, so far, we repeat, as the measure is public, is limited only by its discretion. All anxiety in relation to the legality of the Health bill may be dismissed, and with respect to its expediency, there are strong grounds for believing that the Act will meet with approval, except on the part of those functionaries who were displaced by it, whose alarms are expressed because their vocation as tax-eaters has been suddenly terminated.

The hopes of good government with respect to all matters of health so generally inspired by the passage of the bill in question, and the judicious appointments under it made by the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, lead us to look in the same direction for relief against the abuses and corruptions from which the community suffers. We weigh well our words when we declare that those who hold power in the city under what exists of the old system are, with few exceptions, the portion of the community most obnoxious to its punishments. Instead of being the protectors of the community they are engaged in the distribution of its property among the great body of tax-consumers. Instead of being interested in maintaining the just authority of government, they strive to break it down and reduce all to their degraded level.

The question arises, to what lengths the Legislature should go in remedying such defects in an important portion of its public machinery. The answer is very clear, that inasmuch as misgovernment widely prevails, to the great damage of the city and State, and to an extent likely to bring the system into contempt, and as the State is responsible for the good working of every part of its machinery, the process of change should go forward until the object of government shall be accomplished—that is to say, the safety, security, and happiness of its citizens. The police system, established by State authority and maintained by a decision of the court of last resort, gives unqualified satisfaction. The fire law, created also by the Legislature, is growing rapidly in public estimation, although experience of it is yet so recent. We trust that other changes may be made with equal prudence and wisdom, in which case all those who do not profit by misgovernment will be gratified.

What is most wanted in our city government is a Board created in the interest of tax-payers, which shall be empowered to approve or disapprove of every measure which involves the expenditure of money so that a concurrence of tax-eaters and of tax-payers shall be expressed as a condition to its passage. If some measure of this character be not adopted, and the city remains in the hands of tax-consumers with their present powers, it is not difficult to predict what will become of the property which can so easily be squandered.

A SIGN.

An instructive illustration of the present feeling at the South is found in the following clauses from the Tax-bill lately passed by the Alabama Legislature:

> "12. To sell or expose for sale, for one year, at any one place, any pictorial or illustrated weekly, or any monthly paper, periodical, or magazine, published outside the limits of this State, and not in a foreign country, and to vend the same on the streets, or on boats or railroad cars, fifty dollars.
>
> "13. To keep a news dépôt for one year, in any city, town, or village, for the sale of any newspaper, periodical, or magazine, not including pictorials, provided for in the preceding paragraph, ten dollars."

It is not many months since Provisional Governor Parsons of Alabama came among us to solicit pecuniary aid, and, according to Mr. Beecher, he met no unwilling response. Indeed Northern capital and energy and skill are all ready and waiting to reinforce those of the Southern States the moment there is any indication of a fair security of person and property in the lately disturbed section.

But such laws as those we quote are merely steps backward toward barbarism. Do not the intelligent men of Alabama see that in education alone lies the sole hope of a return of peace and prosperity to the State? No civilized people was ever benefited by ignorance, and there is nothing more perilous to a community than ignorance enforced by law.

The clauses of the bill which we quote are directed, it will be observed, against the illustrated weekly and monthly papers and magazines published in this country. English or French or German literature of the kind, so much of which is inspired, as we have seen during the war, by hatred and contempt of American institutions, may be freely introduced. The clauses we quote are intended to prohibit the sale of the periodical literature published at the North. It is an effort to silence the expression of sentiments which the majority of the Legislature do not like. It is a direct and despotic assault upon free discussion; and like all despotism of the kind is a confession of utter weakness. It is a heavy and crushing tax upon knowledge. It is an attempt to perpetuate that tyranny based upon ignorance which enabled a few men to hoodwink and bamboozle the people of the South until they maddened them into revolution.

Now the sentiments of this paper and of many other papers are no more agreeable to the current opinions of the South than those opinions are to us. But we ask any sensible man in Alabama, however he may differ from our views, whether he is unwilling to trust the fundamental principle of a free government? If he fought during the war for a simple despotism, of course the nearer he approaches it under the Union the more satisfied he will be. But if he fought for what he believed to be a free popular government, he knows that such a government is impossible under such laws as we are considering. Does not such a man see what every other man in the country sees, that those who exclude any means of education and extinguish free discussion "neither go in themselves nor suffer them that are entering to go in?" Let any Southern man read Mr. Barringer's Letters to Mr. Kelley of Pennsylvania, published in the *Washington Chronicle* at the end of January, and say whether Mr. Barringer, who is a North Carolinian, is not a more truly sagacious and conservative leader than the men who pass these foolish laws in the Alabama Legislature. "Northern radicalism even," writes a gentleman who knows what he says, "understands our wants and necessities better than do our leading men here at home in the South."

Every man in Alabama who sincerely loves the State must deplore such insane legislating, as we should deplore a similar misfortune here in New York. It infinitely delays and perplexes the work in which all good citizens of the country are now engaged, for it reveals the present predominance of the old jealousy and hostility which sprang from ignorance and resulted in war.

FENIANISM.

The tone of the English papers in discussing Ireland shows serious alarm. The London *Post* recommends that any soldier who is found tainted with Fenianism should be tried for high treason and punished accordingly, and the London *Times* thinks it high time that the British Government asked that of the United States to consider its neutral obligations. The London *Times* is good enough to say that it has as great faith in the American Government as Mr. Gladstone. The *Times* is so kind as to add that it acknowledges its "friendliness, its promptitude, and its sincerity." And it doubts whether its own Government is quite so vigilant and active as the circumstances demand.

There is also some excitement in Canada, where disturbances are apprehended upon St.

Patrick's day. The Catholic Bishop of Toronto has issued a letter advising all good Catholics to pray that England may do justice to Ireland, and that divine mercy may change the hearts of those who pretend to remedy the evils of Ireland by invading Canada. Certain newspapers in this country magnify every thing said and done upon the subject; but the genius of blarney plays so large a part in the performance that it is not easy to know a single fact of the matter.

It is observable, however, that the Church of Ireland opposes the agitation, and that no conspicuous Irish leader either at home or in this country is identified with it. The speeches, so far as they have been reported, are earnest appeals for contributions on the one hand, and the maddest rhetoric on the other. Meanwhile in Ireland, where the *habeas corpus* is suspended and the Government is fully aroused and active, no hostile demonstration has been made, and no plan of action is any where apparent. During the week following the news of the suspension the orators in this country adjured their hearers to pour out money to aid those at home who were "in the gap," and who were doubtless even then fighting, but the subsequent steamers brought tidings of nothing but continued excitement and arrests.

The only serious apprehension seems to lie in the fact that leaders who excite the passions of such a people as those who attend the Fenian meetings in this country and give their money will demand their money's worth. If the leaders pass round the hat to pay for a scrimmage, a scrimmage of some kind there must be or their own heads are in danger. The peril has probably passed in Ireland. The Government is in the field first, and every day strengthens it and deprives any insurrection of the advantage of panic, which is incalculable. It is, therefore, quite time for sensible Irishmen in this country to consider what is likely to become of the money which they may have subscribed toward the Republic of Ireland. That Republic can not be established in Canada nor in Jones's Wood. What are the present chances of its establishment upon the green isle? Rash men may cause infinite suffering to innocent persons in that country and elsewhere. But there is no other possible result of Fenianism.

THE TUMBLE IN GOLD.

GOLD has fallen again—below 130. The event has sent a thrill through commercial, agricultural, and industrial society. A fall in gold implies a fall in produce, which reduces the profits of farmers, forwarders, and shipping merchants; in dry goods and general merchandise, which sends merchants home with a heartache, thinking of stocks on hand; in domestic goods, which sets manufacturers a-thinking whether it were not better at once to shut up mills and discharge hands instead of dying by inches. The world wags, Spain makes war on Chili, the President makes war on the Radicals, the Fenians talk war against England, history is being made daily on every side; but nothing in all this comes so straight home to every man as the fall in gold.

The readers of this journal have been fully forewarned of the decline. Ever since January a fall in gold has been imminent. The unexpectedly large supply of cotton, and the steadily increasing foreign demand for United States bonds, long since insured low rates of exchange, and consequently a reduced inquiry for gold. No man now buys gold for investment; foreign exchange, which is the same as gold, can be bought at 1 per cent. less. Few buy gold for speculation; for the Treasury Department holds a specie reserve which it is prepared to pour on the market at any time in irresistible amounts. The only supporters of the gold market are operators who have sold for the fall, and who are obliged to buy from time to time to fulfill their contracts. It would not indeed be strange, in view of the dullness of exchange, of the reduced demand for imported goods, of the increased foreign inquiry for Five-Twenty bonds, of the prospect of currency contraction, and of the steadily increasing supply of gold from California and from private hoards, if the price fell to 125 or even lower before midsummer.

To producers, manufacturers, and holders of goods this is an unwelcome prospect. It means a steady shrinkage of prices, and a constant drain upon the capital of holders or makers of goods and merchandise. But it is but natural. For nearly three years producers and holders of goods, produce and merchandise, made money so easily that they seemed to possess the royal key to wealth. A merchant only needed to fill his store with goods, and in thirty or sixty days jobbers eagerly depleted it on a substantial advance. A farmer only required to plant double the usual breadth, and his profits were in the square of previous years. Manufacturers only needed to keep every loom at work, and dividends of 50 per cent. per annum came without endeavor. The currency was constantly expanding in volume and declining in value, prices were constantly rising, and the producer and the holder were just as steadily realizing profits. That was flood-tide: we are now on the ebb. The currency has ceased to increase. Without any legislative action the interest-bearing legal tender—of which security $180,000,000 are afloat—have practically passed out of circulation, being clogged by the interest due upon them. Of the remainder of the currency, viz., the plain legal tenders and the National bank notes, the South is beginning to consume a large quantity—more, we judge, than the Controller of the Currency is issuing to new banks. Thus the actual volume of paper-money is diminishing daily without Congressional action. In the course of a few weeks, if not days, some bill or other will pass Congress which will look to a still more direct curtailment of the paper circulating medium. Under these circumstances, it is plain that prices must move in exactly the direction opposite to that which they pursued when the currency was ever on the increase.

To illustrate the point by a familiar example. A horse-owner bought his oats of a dealer in his neighborhood, taking them in small lots of 50 bushels at a time to suit the size of his bin. In 1863, 1864, and 1865, the dealer supplied the oats at the price of the day. He bought probably once a month. A fortnight after his purchase his customer required a supply. They were put in at the price of the day, which usually proved to be from 5 to 10 cents a bushel higher than the dealer had paid for them. When the turn in prices came in 1865, the dealer attempted to charge for his oats the price he had paid for them. "No, no," said his customer, "when prices were rising you charged me the price of the day, whatever it was, without regard to the price you had previously paid for the oats; and now you shall stick to your rule. I will pay the price of the day—no more." So the dealer throughout this winter has been supplying his customer at a loss. He must buy to supply his customers; but every fortnight his stock declines in value. It is the same with coal, dry goods, hardware, and every article which is bought and sold for gold.

It seems to be an open question whether we shall have a panic. Sound reasons can be given *pro* and *con.* On the one hand, holders, as a general rule, are showing good sense by marking down prices, so as to anticipate the future; while capitalists are so shy of business paper of the second and third grades that in the event of a heavy decline in prices the wrecks would be fewer than otherwise. On the other hand, it is notorious that large quantities of produce, cotton, coal, dry goods, hardware, and other merchandise are held at the sea-board, at the West, and even abroad on margins. All this would necessarily be sacrificed in the event of a continued decline in gold, and in the absence of a demand for consumption the result of forced sales would be uncertain. Perhaps the police rule may apply. The guardians of the public peace say that a riot which is predicted never breaks out. So, possibly, a panic upon which people speculate in advance is not likely to occur.

It is not a little amusing to note the attitude of Wall Street in view of these ominous prospects. Speculation in that meridian is lively, not to say rampant. A clique, led by the leading director of the Erie Railway, is buying up the stock of that insolvent corporation, and it is 10 per cent. higher than it was when gold was 137. Another clique, led by the leading director of the Rock Island Railroad, is buying up the stock of that concern, and it is 12 per cent. higher than it was when gold was 139. Another clique, led by the leading director of the Michigan Southern, is buying up the stock of that unproductive enterprise, and it is 11 per cent. higher than it was when gold was 138. What the calculation of these various cliques may be, it were vain to conjecture. Published reports inform us that the earnings of these roads have been falling off steadily for three months; and common sense adds that, with a steady decline in produce, and in the Western consumption of merchandise, the decline must continue throughout the year. Still, money being easy, there is nothing to prevent a progressive advance in the price of any stock which a clique undertakes to buy up; the interesting question is, how shall these cliques sell, and to whom, when they propose to reap the harvest they have sown and manured and bargained for?

HUMAN LIABILITY TO DISEASE.

WE once heard a lecturer on Health say: "If the laws of health were strictly obeyed all might live to a good old age. I have no sympathy with the religious consolation which is often offered to the bereaved, as, for example, to a mother when her child dies. I do not believe that it is right to say to her that the Lord has taken away her child. She has thrown it away by disregarding in its care the laws of health." This, it is plain, is a strong statement; but does it go so very far beyond the truth as it at first thought seems to do? Let us see.

There is a marked contrast between man and other animals as to the frequency and variety of disease. Let the comparison be made in regard to those which come under the control of man, and are therefore exposed to somewhat similar influences—horses, cattle, etc. They are by no means as subject to disease as men are. The difference is greatest when we look at the period of infancy. The young of these animals seldom sicken and die, while a very large proportion of the human race die in infancy.

Why this contrast? Is it owing to a difference in original constitution—in the organization and its functions? There is no evidence of this, for the functions of digestion, respiration, circulation, nutrition, or growth, etc., are performed in these animals very much in the same way as in the human system, and therefore we naturally suppose that they would be quite as liable to derangement if they were performed under the same circumstances.

The question then arises, is there any difference in the circumstances adequate to account for the difference of results? If there be such a difference it must come obviously from the mind of man, for it is here that the essential difference between him and other animals lies. And yet, so superior is he in this respect to them that one would think him less liable to disease, from the intelligent control that he can exercise over external circumstances. This would be a legitimate inference if he were a pure being, and had the wisdom which would necessarily come from purity. But sin rules in this superior mind of man, and moves to sinful indulgence, which in all its various forms mars the physical organization and renders it liable to disease. A signal example of the effects of such indulgence we have in the use of alcohol. No brute animal drinks this poison, but its use as a beverage is a prolific source of disease in man.

Then, besides the wrong use of external circumstances, we have the effects of sinful passion in all its varied forms. That this exerts a wide influence in the production of disease there is no doubt, though its working is to a great extent secret.

There is still another cause—the unwise use of the mental powers. The use may be either excessive or wrong in character. This may be seen in all the activities of life that tax particularly the intellect, but especially during education, while mind and brain are growing to maturity. The brute animal has no tendency to disease coming from these mental sources, which so commonly in man give rise to congestions and other changes of the brain, to a great variety of nervous maladies, and to diseases of organs in various quarters from their sympathy with the brain. It may be properly remarked here, that it may be that the bare fact that man has a mind so different in some of its qualities from that of the brute increases the liability to physical derangement, aside from the influence of sinful propensities or of the unwise use of the mental powers, for the addition of such high mental endowments creates a wider complication than exists in the system of brute animals, and complication always adds to the risk of disorder.

In estimating the influences of which we have spoken we must remember that they do not end with the individual, but descend to the child, and may accumulate through successive generations. Sometimes diseases themselves are transmitted, but more often it is tendencies to disease or morbid characteristics which become hereditary. It is the accumulation of these tendencies in the course of generations that must account to a large extent for the greater readiness with which sickness is generated in man than in other animals, when both are exposed to similar external influences. What occurs in the individual is not alone adequate to account for it.

Perhaps it will be said that there are maladies peculiar to mankind which may account for the difference in the aggregate of disease. But may there not be a fair offset to this in the maladies which are peculiar to animals? It is true these appear to be less than those which are peculiar to man; but this may not be so, for some of the latter may really come from transgression of hygienic laws instead of fixed extraneous causes.

We will barely suggest here the inquiry whether there is not more of disease in domesticated than in wild animals, and because they are brought under the influence and control of man, instead of being left entirely to their natural inclinations.

If the views which we have presented be erroneous—if the difference between man and brute animals in regard to the prevalence of disease be not attributable to the causes mentioned—we are driven to the conclusion that there is implanted by the Creator in the very constitution of man a tendency to disease—in other words, that he made the organization a morbid, and not a healthy one—a proposition of which there is not the slightest proof, and which the mind instinctively rejects. The alternative is one from which we can not escape.

As the view which we have presented must then be correct, it follows that a true hygiene may accomplish a vastly greater work than is generally supposed. It has the power of preventing a very large proportion of the disease that now afflicts the human family—all or nearly all that there is more than that which exists in the animal creation around us. Of course it could not do this till it had first removed all the morbid tendencies that have accumulated from the past, a work of renovation which it would require some time to perform.

Whatever may be our estimate of the range of hygiene it is very evident that many of the causes of disease are preventable, and the distinction between these and those of an opposite character we will consider at another time.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

THE funeral of the late Rev. Dr. EDWARD B. HALL, of Providence, Rhode Island, was a singular and beautiful tribute to the Christian charity of that city and to the saintly character of Dr. HALL. He had been for thirty-three years settled over the First Congregational Unitarian Society, and during all that time his zeal in all good and generous works; his fidelity to the suffering and the poor; his constancy and care in the pastoral office; his ability in the pulpit; and the modesty of his spotless life, had made him perhaps the best beloved citizen in Providence. A great concourse of every sect, and from many places, came sorrowing to his funeral. The Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the State; the Baptist President of Brown University; a fellow-clergyman of the Presbyterian church, a Quaker preacher, and a Universalist were among the pall-bearers. No sectarian feeling divided them in life, and they bore their testimony by holding his pall to the purity and piety of the good minister and faithful citizen.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD BONDS.

WE stated in our last issue that in case of the failure of the Pacific Railroad Company to pay the coupons attached to its Bonds, these would be paid by the State of California. The fact is, that the interest on these Bonds *is* paid by that State, by a special Act of its Legislature.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 6:

In the Senate, the bill to reimburse Missouri for her expense in calling out militia was passed.—A very lengthy message from the President, in response to Mr. Sumner's resolution of inquiry, in regard to the organization of governments in the lately rebellious States, was received and ordered to be printed; also the report of operations in the Freedmen's Bureau; both of which were referred to the Committee on Reconstruction.

In the House, the Military Academy bill was reconsidered, and, on motion of Mr. Schenck, an amendment was passed—89 to 39—that no part of the money appropriated by this or any other act shall be applied to the pay or subsistence of any cadet from any State declared to be in rebellion against the Government of the United States, appointed after the 1st day in January, 1866, until such State shall have been returned to its original relations to the Union, under and by virtue of an act or joint resolution of Congress for that case made and provided.—The Reciprocity Treaty bill came up for consideration. Mr. Morrill addressed the House in support of the bill. It had become necessary, he said, in consequence of the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty on the 17th of the present month. That treaty had been an ill-omened one from the start. It had been first extorted from us by the armed raid made upon our fishermen, in 1852, by the combined armaments of the Provinces, led on by the Imperial Government, and then won from us by the delusion that favors would beget fraternity. We were too old to be again deluded, and being quite able to withstand a bite, unlikely to yield to a growl. Henceforth we should treat the Provinces as friends, unless they entitle themselves to be treated as favorites or as enemies. By the present bill certain privileges were granted, provided ample equivalents were obtained; but in the mean time the object was increased revenue. To show that the Reciprocity Treaty was not advantageous to us, it was testified to by the fishermen of Maine, the lumbermen of New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Maine, the wool-growers of Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, New York, and Vermont, the grain-growers of all the Western States, and the manufacturers whose business with the Canadas had materially decreased; but when the Provincial officers had tacitly confessed to the prosperous gale they had enjoyed, by the tender of terms less onerous to us, if not less lucrative to them than those of the treaty, they felt that they could afford to treat us better in regard to the fishing interests involved. He remarked that it was true that if England desired a conflict with us a pretext might easily be obtained through a collision among eager and exasperated fishermen touching her absurd headland interpolation; but there was no lack of heroic pretexts elsewhere, and whenever the conflict came, whatever the alleged provocation might be, or by whomsoever precipitated, England knew that the Provinces would be gone forever, hook and line, bob and sinker. But the terms offered in this bill in relation to the fisheries did not invite a repulse. On the contrary, it was believed, especially from the frank and friendly exchange of views between the Committee of Ways and Means and the Ministers representing the Provinces, that the terms would be readily accepted by most, if not all the Provinces, certainly by those most interested in the trade. The rates of duty proposed in the bill would afford revenue, and would not in any case prove prohibitory; in other words, he expected to take as much timber, coal, and barley of them as heretofore; but before the sale could be allowed alongside of American products the privilege must be bought with a price equal at least to our taxes, and often much greater. Even with those terms, a commission sent to China or Peru would disclose no other market so valuable. That part of the bill which gave up the fishing bounties might be looked upon with more distrust than any thing else. The pittance proposed was small, not much more than the duty paid by them on the salt used in curing their fish, and yet the determination in some quarters to regard that as a New England question, and not a national one, had constrained even New England men to repudiate the measure—obnoxious because it had been misrepresented. Hereafter our seamen, unlooked after, must be entirely self-educated and self-reliant.

March 7:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner spoke for over two hours against the Constitutional Amendment affecting representation.

In the House, there was a protracted debate on the Reciprocity Treaty.

March 8:

In the Senate, Mr. Morrill spoke in support of the Constitutional Amendment.

In the House, the consideration of the Senate bill to protect all persons in their civil rights was resumed. Mr. Broomall spoke in favor of the bill. Mr. Bingham moved to recommit, with instructions to amend, by removing every thing penal in the bill, and substituting right of action in the United States Court, with double costs in cases of recovery. Mr. Raymond next addressed the House in favor of the objects of the bill, and gave the reasons which had induced him to offer a substitute. Mr. Delano next spoke in approval of the bill, but questioned the constitutional right of Congress to pass it. Mr. Kerr opposed the measure on legal, constitutional, and practical grounds.

March 9:

In the Senate, the Constitutional Amendment received only 25 votes against 23. 35 votes being the necessary two-thirds majority, the amendment was a failure. A motion to reconsider prevailed, and an amendment was offered by Mr. Doolittle.

In the House, the Civil Rights bill was next taken up, and Mr. Bingham addressed the House in opposition to it, as being in some of its features unconstitutional. Mr. Shellabarger, after a short speech on the same side, was followed by Mr. Wilson in a closing speech in support of the measure. The bill was recommitted to the Judiciary Committee.—The Reciprocity Treaty bill was taken up and debated by several members. Amendments concerning the rate of duty on fish, bituminous coal, and lumber were adopted.

March 10:

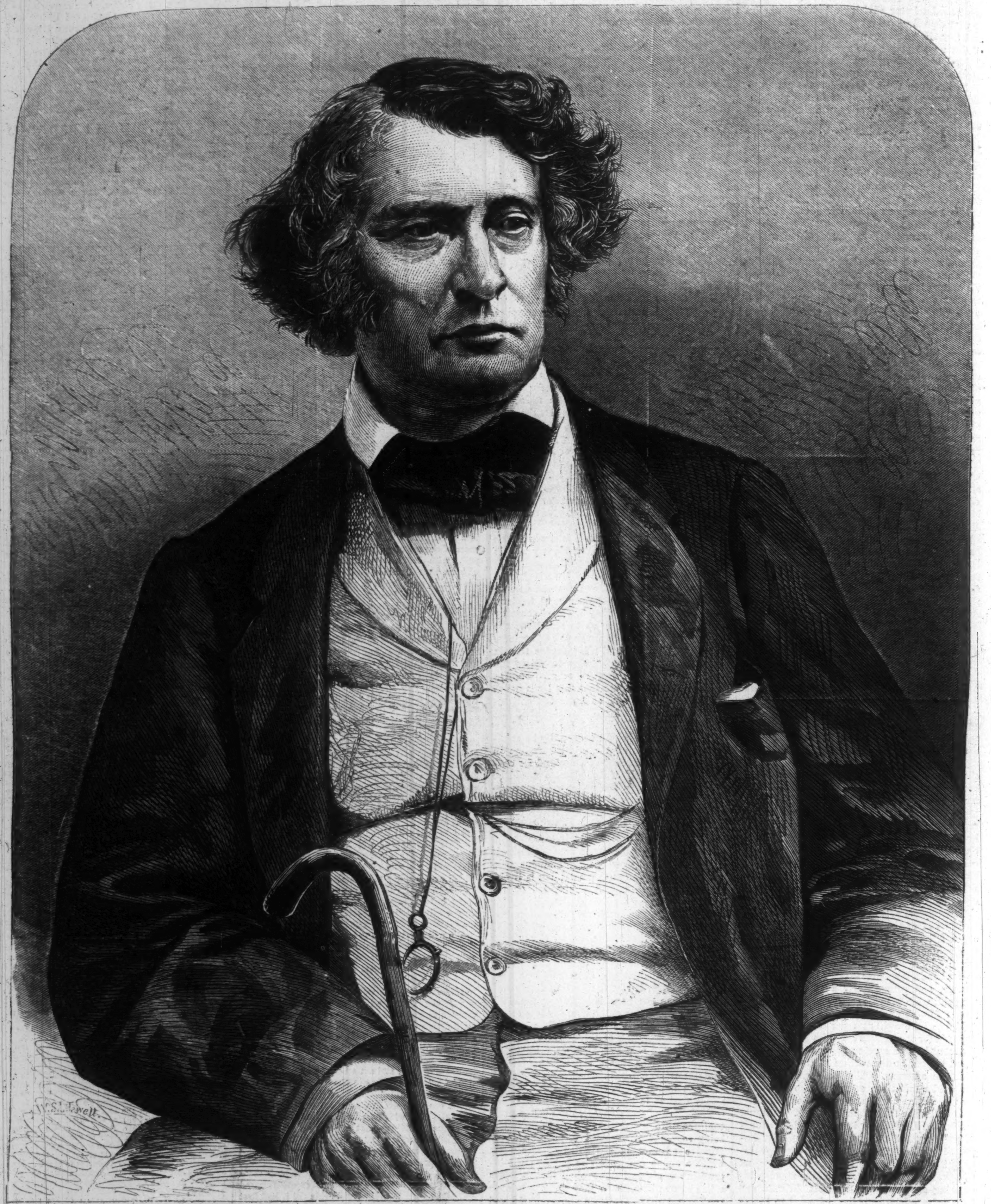
The Senate not in session.

In the House, the day was given up to speech-making. Mr. Stevens created considerable amusement by pretending to consider the President's 22d of February speech as a grand hoax, imposed upon the country by malicious Copperheads.

March 12:

In the Senate, the bill for the division of Colorado was taken up, and Mr. Sumner spoke against it and in favor of an amendment to prohibit exclusion from the elective franchise on account of color.

In the House, after an exhaustive debate, the new Reciprocity Treaty bill was defeated by striking out the enacting clause by a vote of 68 to 37.



CHARLES SUMNER.—[Photographed by Black & Case, Boston, Mass.]

CHARLES SUMNER.

Charles Sumner is a name that will always remain among the most conspicuous of the present epoch of our history. No American statesman ever stood more steadfastly for the plain American principle of equal rights, and none has ever excited more exasperation or been more bitterly denounced. The reason of this is to be found in his temperament and a certain ideal cast of mind, which compels him unconsciously to disregard the conditions of practicability, and to treat public measures purely from the view of abstract justice. A man who does this must expect to encounter the impatience of friends as well as the hostility of foes. Consequently, from Mr. Sumner's first notable public appearance, when he delivered his famous Fourth of July oration in Boston upon "The True Grandeur of Nations," in 1845, to his last elaborate speech in the Senate upon "The Equal Rights of All: the Great Guarantee and the Present Necessity," his course has compelled moral approval rather than kindled popular enthusiasm.

Mr. Sumner was thirty-four years old at the time of the delivery of the oration. Born in Boston in 1811, he graduated at Harvard College in 1830, and after a year of private study he entered the Law School at Cambridge, where he became the fast friend of his great teacher, Judge Story. In 1834 he began to practice in Boston, and was at once eminent in his profession, publishing, as reporter, three volumes of Judge Story's Circuit Decisions, editing the *American Jurist*, and lecturing at the Law School in Cambridge. In 1836 he declined a chair, both in the Law School and the College, and the next year went to Europe, where he remained for three years.

The best introductions opened to him the finest social opportunities in Europe, which a mind richly stored, a trained and tenacious memory, and the various sympathies of an accomplished scholar enabled him to improve to the utmost advantage. Few Americans have better seen what was best worth seeing in Europe. His habits of ceaseless industry, his remarkable faculties of acquirement, were in constant play, and he made the personal acquaintance, which in many cases ripened into friendly intimacy, of the most distinguished Europeans. In 1840 he returned and resumed the practice of his profession, publishing, in 1844–6, an elaborate edition of "Vesey's Reports." In politics he was a Whig, although he had taken no prominent political part until the oration of which we have spoken, which was a learned and powerful plea for peaceful arbitration in all international differences. In November, 1845, he spoke in Faneuil Hall against the annexation of Texas as a measure intended to subdue the National Government to the control of the slavery interest. The next year, at the Whig State Convention, he defined in a forcible speech the anti-slavery duties of the Whig party, and, with an intrepidity which in a Boston Whig of that time was remarkable, he published a letter to Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, then the Boston Representative in Congress, sharply rebuking him for his vote in favor of the Mexican war. This led to a rupture with Mr. Winthrop which has never been healed, and that gentleman records his view of the matter in his volume of speeches and addresses.

The dissolution of the Whig party had already begun. The "Conscience Whigs," as they were called in Massachusetts, of whom Charles Sumner, Horace Mann, John G. Palfrey, Samuel G. Howe, and Richard H. Dana, Jun., were conspicuous leaders, withdrew from the political companionship of Webster, Everett, Choate, and

WINTHROP, and supported, in 1848, the Buffalo Free-soil candidates, MARTIN VAN BUREN and CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. The schism was final, and from that moment the Boston Whig leadership declined. The seceders seemed to take with them the moral force of their party, and when, in 1850, Mr. WEBSTER became Secretary of State under Mr. FILLMORE and resigned his seat in the Senate, to which Mr. WINTHROP by the party traditions had been considered the natural successor, a coalition of Free-soilers and Democrats, after a long and fierce struggle, succeeded in electing CHARLES SUMNER to Mr. WEBSTER'S seat, and he accepted the office, as he had the nomination, without a single pledge to any party or person.

Mr. SUMNER came to the Senate of the United States a young man, perfectly familiar with international law and with the history and literature of all countries; with a thorough knowledge of the details of the anti-slavery movement, and a profound conviction that the insolent and dangerous determination of the Slave Power was the great peril of the nation. His fame had preceded him, and he was not welcome in a body which the spirit of CALHOUN controlled. Senators like JEFFERSON DAVIS, who prevailed by audacity, or like DOUGLAS, who despised the moral sentiment, affected to sneer at what were called the dainty fopperies and sophomoric rhetoric of the young Senator. But his speech against the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, and the opening thunders of his direct assault upon the Slave Power in the debates upon the Missouri Compromise, apprised these men and the country that there was one Senator at least who, standing upon the broad ground of moral right, was equally at home upon every inch of the Constitution and of law with the most learned and the oldest of his associates. Personally of the kindest heart and most polished manners, he disdained social conciliation of his political adversaries; and his opposition was so inflexible and unsparing toward those whom he believed to be conspiring against the country that he was regarded as the personification of the unbending spirit of Liberty, which the Slave leaders knew to be their most dangerous foe. On the 19th and 20th of May, 1856, Mr. SUMNER delivered a speech upon "The Crime against Kansas," which was unanswerable. In the course of it he spoke satirically of Senator BUTLER, of South Carolina, and on the afternoon of the 22d, while Mr. SUMNER was writing at his desk, he was assaulted by PRESTON S. BROOKS, a Representative from South Carolina, and beaten upon the head with a heavy gutta percha cane until he fell senseless.

It was four years before Mr. SUMNER returned to the Senate. During that time he was subject to constant, often to the severest, medical treatment at home and in Europe. While still disabled the Massachusetts Legislature re-elected him to his seat by a unanimous vote in the Senate and by a vote of several hundreds to seven in the House. Massachusetts felt that while her Senator was yet struggling for life his empty chair was a more eloquent Representative than any other man could be. In the session of 1859-60 Mr. SUMNER resumed his seat, and his first important speech struck the key-note of his Congressional life and exposed "The Barbarism of Slavery." In the canvass for President, in 1860, he was an active worker; and at the beginning of the war he declared its "main-spring" to be slavery, and that there could be no peace until that was broken by emancipation. This policy he steadily urged until it was adopted by the Government. During the war his speeches upon the "Trent" question and our foreign relations were comprehensive and exhaustive, and had great official weight from his position as Chairman of the Senate Committee upon Foreign Affairs.

Mr. SUMNER'S political career has been identified with the debate and the war springing from Slavery. Believing slavery to be the source of all our woes he has steadily advocated Emancipation as the radical means of national regeneration; and as the war has abolished slavery, his efforts are now turned to secure the overthrow of the spirit of caste in the organization of peace. His will is as strong as his convictions; and it is perhaps his misfortune and that of his cause that, in the constructive period which we have now reached, and in which political considerations are so essential and powerful, political differences are apt to appear to him as moral delinquencies. Immutably fixed in his own clear perception of the necessary development and ultimate achievements of the great American principle of Equal Rights, he seems anxious to secure at once, by acts of Congress, results which can be better attained by other and higher laws. But in his uncompromising desire that the faith of the United States shall be kept with the Freedmen, and that those who are still panting with the effort to destroy the Government shall not be allowed to share in its administration without satisfactory conditions, he has the hearty sympathy of all who love the Union and the national honor.

Among all American statesmen there have been few so variously and profoundly accomplished as Mr. SUMNER. His literary style is stately and scholastic. Each of his speeches is an exhaustive treatise upon its subject. His oratory is declamatory rather than colloquial or rhetorical. A certain dogmatism of style both in writing and speaking may be easily traced to his intense personal consciousness, and to the sober times and events amidst which he has moved. But his chief fame will be that of a man who, during the maturing of a terrible conspiracy against human rights, stood as firm and clear for justice as a light-house in the fury of a storm. Without one faltering tone of compromise or fear or witless conciliation his lips proclaimed the everlasting truth that justice is right, and is therefore the best policy. The concluding words of his late speech are the true motto of his life. "And now, declaring my belief in Liberty and Equality as the God-given birth-right of all men, let me say in the same spirit, if this be an error, it is an error which I love; if this be a fault, it is a fault which I shall be slow to renounce; if this be an illusion, it is an illusion which I pray may wrap the world in its angelic forms."

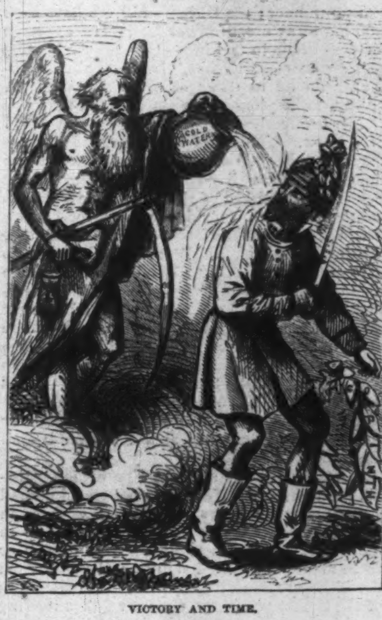
[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



VICTORY AND TIME.

CHAPTER XI.

As the days and weeks creep by, it is very slowly but very certainly ascertained in Somerville that the great and glorious victory near Corinth was not, at last, quite so complete and final a rout of the Yankees as was at first believed. Somehow they have not fled utterly away—the miserable remnant left of them—but are still lingering, in a singular manner, near or upon the very battle-field. And it is so strange of Beauregard, that he has not long ago descended upon them again from Corinth like a thunder-bolt. Why does he not make a finish of it? What is he staying there at Corinth for? people are beginning impatiently to ask.

Like many another military idol of the time, before him and after him, Beauregard is slowly waning in public estimation. Good Mr. Ellis thanks God for it. "The career of any one General, like Napoleon, in our cause," he avows, "would be fatal to our liberties. We wish victory to be won for us in such a way that to no one man, but to the whole people, and to God above all, the glory may redound." Certain it is, though there were ever so many just on the point of becoming the Marions, the Washingtons, the Napoleons of the war, in some way or other each just missed it as by a hair's-breadth, but missed it altogether.

But the Yankees are even approaching Corinth. Lamum fills the Somerville *Star* with ample reasons why. Beauregard is hatching some great event within his intrenchments at Corinth, and people say they hope so, and that he will be quick about it; but there are sinking hearts in every bosom in Somerville. However, there is Island No. 10. It has been made a perfect Gibraltar. It is fully demonstrated that the passage of that Island in the Mississippi River by the Federal fleet is an absolute impossibility. Every Number of the Somerville *Star* exults in "Island Ten," and in the laughable notion of the Yankees that it can be passed. And so for weeks; slow as the first approach of an epidemic the rumor gets afloat that Island Ten has been evacuated.

It was not Lamum's fault! To do him strict justice, never from the first had any item, or any particle of an item, appeared in his columns save of good news for the Confederacy. Many a prophecy did he make of great and glorious events; many a statement did he continually repeat, on the best authority, of something or other highly favorable to the Confederacy. Steadily as the days rolled by were his prophecies unfulfilled and his statements disproved, yet you would never gather a syllable to that effect from his paper. And no reader thereof filed away each Number of the *Star* for future reference as carefully, or with such deep satisfaction, as did Mr. Ferguson.

Lamum had remarked: "If our gallant heroes *should* evacuate Columbus, it will be only to make a more impregnable stand at Island Ten." Long after Island Ten was evacuated Lamum casually remarks in his columns: "If our able and experienced Generals *should* evacuate Island Ten it is only to make a stand at Fort Pillow, but a short distance below;" and thereupon follows several columns of such minute description of Fort Pillow—its natural advantages and its armament—that even a child could understand that of its capture no one need entertain the least fear. "Deluded by their frenzied leaders they dream even"—Lamum was frequently observing in his paper—"of capturing New Orleans!" If Colonel Juggins read Lamum's full and enthusiastic description of Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip, and the other Gibraltars by which New Orleans was secured from the possibility of being taken, once, he read it a dozen times. The boom costing millions of dollars stretching across the river below the forts seems to him a waste of money. And then, the gigantic steamships building at New Orleans to dash to atoms the Federal vessels, to the Colonel they had assumed a grandeur of size and armament under the hand of energetic Lamum from which even a Brunel would have shrunk aghast.

"From what I learn of that splendid ship of war," good Mr. Ellis had said to his pastor, "even if the Federals should pass the forts below, of which I have no fear, that vessel alone, moored as it is in front of the city, could drive them back."

"But the papers speak of it as not yet completed," ventured Mr. Arthur.

"One side is, one side is," urged Mr. Ellis, warmly, "the side toward the river: the guns on that side are enough, amply enough."

And to this his friend had no reply.

Stealthily and awfully as the deadly blast of which the Spaniards say, "It kills a man but does not put out a taper," comes the news that New Orleans, too, is captured! A painful thing it is to state, but imperceptibly to themselves men begin to distrust Lamum and all his herd! Undefined, unacknowledged even to themselves, men begin to reason that, if the editors had so often deluded them upon such points as Bowling Green, Columbus, Fort Donelson, Island Ten, Fort Pillow, Roanoke, Pulaski, New Orleans, Corinth, might they not have been unsafe guides on all other points also relating to Secession and its consequences? Slowly, slowly.

"I think I am beginning clearly to see the hand of Providence in lengthening out this matter," Guy Brooks remarked one night to his pastor as they sat together in the study of the latter. "You know my brother, Paul Brooks; he has been down lately from his solitude among the Pines. He was always fond of solitude and reflection—old bachelor that he is. He has been giving me the benefit of his months of thought up there. We are, he thinks, passing through a revolution indeed, not only a political, but a social, moral, religious revolution. Were it only a political revolution, the establishment of the Confederacy, or the putting down of Secession say, it might have been a thing begun and over in a few months. But it is to be, he thinks, a total revolution in our deepest and dearest convictions on many subjects of vastly greater importance than the mere question of Secession and Union. Such revolutions of thought, belief, opinion, feeling can not be effected all at once. To be sincere and permanent, people must have time to think; yes, time, plenty of it, to *think*."

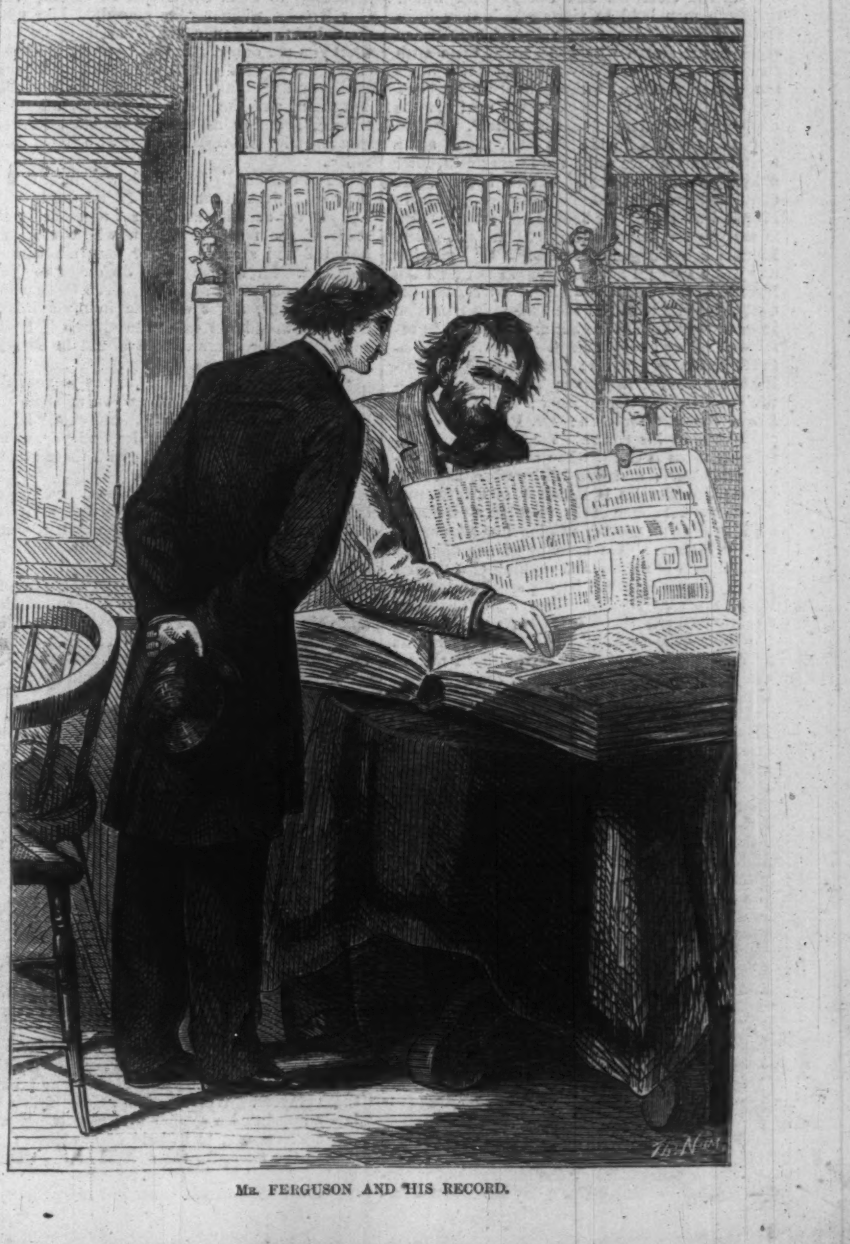
"For the divisions of Reuben there were great thoughts of heart," said the minister. "I have been much struck with that passage of Scripture myself of late. Yes, the political leaders have full space, for instance, in which to show themselves—"

"From the tips of their horns to the points of their cloven feet," interrupted the lawyer. "And the people are slowly but steadily finding them out: it is a lesson being very slowly learned, but once learned it will never be forgotten on this continent forever."

"Unless I greatly mistake the South is learning other lessons also," said the minister, after a thoughtful pause. "God is causing us to read over again, beneath the blazing torch of his providence, other matters in which I for one was as thoroughly settled and satisfied as any man could be. We will not speak upon that matter just now—let us wait and see."

"We will see one day," the lawyer remarked, "the wonderful dealing of the Almighty with us in permitting this war to linger so long. Suppose Manassas had resulted the other way, the Confederacy been crushed in the bud, it would have been a mere victory of force—nothing else. There would have been nothing of a radical cure of the evil, nothing safe and permanent afterward. I tell you, Sir," continued he, rising to his feet, and leaning his burly form against the mantle as if the idea was too large and free to be expressed save upon his feet, "especially we here, at the South, are slowly, steadily coming toward convictions, conclusions which shall be those of our *own* minds and hearts. The bayonets are holding the question open only till we have had time to think the whole matter to an end. As firmly as I believe in my own existence, I do believe that this whole continent is steadily coming to such a oneness of sentiment as will make us such a Union—such a nation as—"

"The old Union was but an emblem of a scaffolding toward," the minister added for him. "I tell you, Mr. Brooks, Southerners as we both are, we can not disguise from ourselves the fact that, on some points, we of the South lag in the march, are a century or so behind the sentiment, the conviction, the Christianity of the times. I have had an uneasy conviction of the kind for years, but quieted myself with the knowledge of its being the providence of God, his peculiar dispensation in our case. And it is only God's providence in present events which I am now waiting to understand. For one I have no notion of fighting against God. Nor have I any intention of being upon the obsolete side, the waning side of a great question. If you glance your eye over the history of the world you will notice that there are certain periods of time when you can run, as it were, a pencil line between where one era ends and a new and better era begins. And there always is a party for the old era fighting blindly and desperately for it! God helping me, I belong not to the old, worn-out era which the world is sloughing off, but to that era which is better, which is sure to succeed, which is that much nearer the Christ that is to come. My happening to be born in the Sandwich Islands would have been poor excuse for



MR. FERGUSON AND HIS RECORD.

me, therefore, to have fought against civilization and Christianity when they had actually landed from God on its shores!"

And it was well for Edward Arthur, and for the many like him scattered throughout the South, that he and they had a belief in those days clear enough, strong enough, inspiring enough, to bear them up through poverty, and the alienation of their dearest friends, and the hatred and insult of innumerable enemies, and death always threatened, in some cases actually inflicted; a belief, thank God, which grew clearer, stronger, more inspiring, as the darkness and the peril became more dense. Easy enough it was for you, Sir, living outside the South during those days, to possess convictions clear and right upon the great question. You heard nothing else all day among your friends. You read nothing else in your papers, pamphlets, books. You had the one conviction poured upon you from the platform with all force of argument and eloquence. You had it urged upon you in every engraving that met your eye, flashed upon you in every transparency, waved before you in every flag, thundered upon you in cannon exulting over victory, and in the infinite hurrahs of the people! Little merit in your going with the right—how easy it was to you!—when you were in the centre of a great torrent pouring irresistibly onward.

But look at this man, Edward Arthur, one case in multitudes at the South during those long and dark months. From the first hour of that suicidal Secession he received no line of correspondence from any one outside the South, nor any during the first two years of the war, at least, from a correspondent within the South, save in enthusiastic support of Secession. Such of his correspondents as shared his convictions were prudently silent, well aware that the seal of a letter was no bond whatever against the reading of the letter by dozens before it could reach the owner's eye; at the utmost an innuendo, a carefully-veiled sarcasm, a word here and a phrase there, capable of being understood only by the one to whom the letter was addressed. From that hour, during the same length of time, no Northern or European paper, pamphlet, or book met his eye—every printed line which did meet his gaze being in furious advocacy of Secession. Except as their arms proved it, scarce a hint glimmered through the darkness of opinion and sentiment outside the blockade. By himself, even his friends entertaining similar views, confining those views mainly to their own bosoms, often speaking and acting in direct opposition to their own real opinions; thinking, alone and unaided, by himself and for himself, he arrived at those opinions to which he held as to his life itself, as to more than his life, the grasp upon the opinion being for him to relax his hold even upon life.

And it was better as it was. Only, never wonder at the clearness and energy with which Southern men hold to views which they have thus attained. No man values his gains so much as the man who has earned them with sweat and toil: the belle of the ball-room holds not to her pearls with the convulsive grasp of the diver who has brought them up from the depths and darkness of roaring waters.

"Lamum says, in his last *Star*, that I am a traitor to my native soil," the lawyer said, after a long pause. "I really wonder if I am," he continued gravely, weighing the proposition in his mind with his finger behind his ear. "What is my pay for being a traitor? It isn't office. Months ago Colonel Ret Roberts told me that any thing I would have he would see that I *did* have if I said so. It is a singular fact, but not one, not a single one of the leaders in Secession in or around Somerville but are this hour in receipt of salary in some form. Roberts is a Confederate States Senator; Lamum has the printing of the Confederate laws; Tim Lamum, Lamum's nephew, is a Commissary; Colonel Juggins has a contract for corn; Dr. Peel is making thousands by his contract for beef; even Captain Simmons is clerk, when sober, of the Confederate Court; and Bob Withers is a Tax Collector; Joe Staples is Receiver of Confiscated Property—not a man of them but has a fat office, or, if in the army, but is a Colonel or a Quartermaster. Bribe? On account of my opinions my business is ruined and nothing else to look to; my best friends will hardly speak to me. I hold to my original opinions upon Secession against every thing on earth. As to abandoning them—the fact is," added the lawyer, "as Paul, that brother of mine, says, either I am entirely and hopelessly deranged or the Secessionists are."

It is weeks ago now since it had occurred to Mrs. Sorel, knitting, spinning, weaving, making starch, soap, candles, hats, caps, shoes, and every thing else at her place near Somerville, that it would be a great favor to her if Mr. Arthur could occupy the vacant front-room on the left-hand side of the hall in her house. She has nobody, now Frank is gone, but herself and Robby. It was a delicate matter to bring about under all the circumstances. But women are the best *diplomats* in the world. Talleyrands are they by sex; and Mrs. Sorel had her purpose accomplished and Mr. Arthur safely at home in her front-room almost before he knew it was a thing in view. The truth is, he himself and Mrs. Bowles felt the propriety of the step as well as Mrs. Sorel, and only Mrs. Sorel could have managed it so quietly and pleasantly. Robby Sorel is a sober little fellow, fond of his home and his book and his quiet sports, the very image of his mother; it will be a pleasure to Mr. Arthur to direct his studies, another reason for the arrangement.

The propriety of the step! Only you who read these lines, after painful experiences of your own, can understand all the bitterness of meaning herein implied. Not a day but Edward Arthur was made to feel and see it. The strong Secessionists outside of his church had long since removed all doubt from his mind in regard to their opinion of his position. Colonel Ret Roberts had never entered his church in his life. That, however, of course. Gentlemen of his stamp never go to church. People not members of the church never had, as a general rule, much desire to attend church—now they have none at all. If some preacher who is also Colonel of a regiment is to preach, or if Brother Barker is to give clear Scripture proof of God's cordial approval of Secession, if there is to be some Sabbatical variation of the one strain of glory to the South in the highest, on earth war to the knife, and eternal ill-will to the Yankees, men go to church to be that much more encouraged in a cause in which they are beginning to feel more and more the need of encouragement. But not to hear the old Gospel? To be told over again the old, old story of their being sinners and of Christ being a Saviour? No, Sir! heaven pales its ineffectual glories and hell its fires in contrast with the lurid flames of the war.

Where professing Christians have become so apathetic in regard to religion Mr. Arthur expects nothing of the rest of Somerville. Yet it touched him keenly that Sabbath morning when Mrs. Roberts made such a point of meeting him, when he visited her class in turn, and shook him with such special cordiality by the hand. He well knew what her eyes worn with weeping meant, and now filling again with tears as she turned from him and stooped as if to tie again the scarf around the throat of her little boy, looking up with bold brow and splendid eyes so like his father's. When immediately after Sabbath-school she left with her children, not waiting until service, her pastor knew as well as if she had told him of the letters from her husband at Richmond requiring her never again to hear her pastor preach; knew as by intuition all the oaths and abuse against him with which Colonel Ret Roberts sustained his own spotless reputation of patriotism. He had forbidden her entering even the church. At first she resisted so far as the Sabbath-school was concerned; but it was too painful, better stay at home altogether. How painful to her pastor was that vacant seat henceforth only you who occupied a like situation, and there are many of you, in those days can tell!

And with Mrs. Roberts there fell away many even of his warmest friends in days of old. "Mr. Arthur was a good man; they had known him too many years to doubt that; but now that he was a Union man!" Of what use to call upon them in their homes? Only political discussion, warm, perhaps heated. And so, what was left him but to pursue the even tenor of his way?

"Resign? No, Sir. The great body of the church are content that you should continue preaching to them the Gospel as of old," said Guy Brooks, whenever he consulted him upon the subject. "You can in conscience do only what you are doing. Let us be as quiet as possible; let us wait and hope." And most punctually and faithfully did Mr. Brooks, and Mr. Ferguson, and the many like them, attend at service, listening as if with double attention, greeting him on every meeting with triple cordiality.

'You can hardly imagine how painful it is to me," said Mr. Arthur to his friend the lawyer, one gloomy evening as they sat together in the study of the former. "Men whose esteem I hoped I had secured forever pass me without speaking. Even many who do deign to greet me do it coldly and harshly. Even those who I know do fully agree with me in my opinions, and who would not enter the church if I pursued any other course, seem afraid to be seen speaking with me on the street."

"And have not a syllable to say in your defense when you are cursed, as you most continually and fervently are, over Somerville," added the lawyer, who, in his own despondency, would have been a friend in keeping with those around Job as he sat on his dunghill.

And it was well it was so. Too dependent on others for his happiness, Edward Arthur was fast learning to stand firm in the consciousness of his own integrity—to dispense with all friendship besides in appreciating and enjoying, as he never before conceived of doing, the presence of Him who sticketh closer than a brother. Pale and thin and worn, he was only at a lesson which was to last him his life—the lesson itself was not to last forever, but its *results*.

"I declare," said the minister, after a pause, "the opinion that I am a traitor to my soil seems to be so universal an opinion, and is so unceasingly expressed, that I have at times almost a sense of shame as for actual guilt. However, that only keeps me at a perpetual reconsideration of my original views. And, alas for me!" he added, with a sigh, "those views are only deepening and strengthening every hour."

"If you were only fixed as a minister my brother Paul lately heard of it would suit exactly. Paul was telling me of it when he was down from the Pines. It is a minister as conscientiously opposed to Secession," continued Guy Brooks, "as I am or as you are—oh, decided, strong, cast iron on that point. But he is an Episcopal minister, you see. His bishop has written out the prayers for him, and strong they are for Secession as language can make them, for the blessing of God upon the Confederate arms, for the speedy and total defeat of the Federals, and all that. Twice every Sunday that Union minister stands solemnly up and offers those prayers. Worse than that, the bishop has lately appointed a special prayer-meeting, with prayers to match, to be held two or three times during the week, for the success of the Confederate armies."

"And, true to his canonical obligations, he prays them?" asked Mr. Arthur. "Singular position for a worshiper of God to fill—deliberately, continually, kneeling before the Almighty, one set of petitions on his lips, exactly the reverse set of supplication in his— Never mind!" said the minister, interrupting himself, "it is none of my business."

"But it keeps all so straight and pleasant," reasoned the lawyer. "Every now and then the bishop fills his pulpit in his regular visitation; and he always preaches a sermon full and most decided for the Confederacy—Brother Barker over again, only in lawn and with manuscript. But no wonder; the Bishop's negroes have been running away dreadfully of late. His expenses for dogs alone in trailing—"

"My dear Mr. Brooks," interrupted the minister, "do let us speak of something else. A milder, more pious, more sincere man than this bishop before these troubles neither you nor I ever knew. The times have changed him, as they have changed so many of us. There was a time when there lived not a minister at the South who dreamed of alluding in the pulpit to political matters. And now! Would Paul, would Peter, would Heber, Simeon of Oxford, Wesley, Whitfield, Nettleton, Daniel Baker do it were they now alive? Would the Saviour do it did he to-day—if such a thing can be imagined—walk the soil of North or South? To me the *side* the minister happens to be on is a mere nothing in comparison; it is his abandoning the Gospel that is his deadly sin, whether he preach Secession or preach the Federal Union. I feel to-day as if I had somehow become suddenly obsolete—as if the whole world had passed by and left me in the rear—as if I was far behind the times."

"And you are," said the Kentuckian, "behind the times? Yes, Sir, eighteen hundred years! But Paul says it is the richest thing in the world—that Union minister standing up in the pulpit, as he has to do once every two or three months, reading long pastoral letters from the bishop to his diocese, political vindications of the South, you know, the poor fellow reading it with the necessary emphasis and inflection—queer position for a free man to occupy!"

Mrs. Warner did not think so, however, when Mr. Arthur called there next. Of all his pastoral duties none more unpleasant than a visit to Mrs. Warner—until, at least, the minister took a lesson from Dr. Warner, and sat and merely listened. Of late any one could tell, just by seeing Dr. Warner on the streets, that the gusts at home these days were more violent than ever. The Doctor's neckerchief was always to one side now, the long ends hanging out, and dreadfully frayed. There was a crushed appearance about his linen; a strip or so of the lining of his coat hanging loose to the breeze from wrists and skirts; more buttons off than of yore from waistcoat and pantaloons; a wild and disordered state of his hair, too, a good deal of it gone altogether, which caused him strongly to resemble a mariner just out of a terrible tempest. And, storm-tossed and weather-beaten as the Doctor was, he was only the fatter for it all. In fact, beaten upon as the Doctor was by the eternal gusts, he had got into the habit of retiring completely within himself these days, and his body had expanded itself to make room for him.

"What I regret, what Dr. Warner regrets, if he would only say so—only he is one of those men who never will speak out as he ought—is, that you do not pray for the Confederacy as you should, Mr. Arthur," said Mrs. Warner to that gentleman, sitting in her parlor this last time. "If you do not feel prepared to preach sermons for the Confederacy and in denouncement of the Yankees, like Brother Barker and ever so many ministers more, well, you needn't do it—that is, if you can feel it in your conscience not to do so; though I am sure our revolutionary forefathers took their swords and muskets even into the pulpits with them. But why don't you pray for the Confederacy—pray for it warm and strong? There's Brother Barker—and he a Northern man too!—he prays every Sunday, I'm told by Mrs. Staples, that the Almighty will defeat, destroy, annihilate the Federals; that He will entrap them in snares, deceive them in policy, decimate them with measles, small-pox, and yellow-fever; not leave enough of them alive next battle for the survivors to bury the rest! Pray? yes, and for their eternal damnation too. They are fiends, they are devils, they are worse than the worst savages; they richly deserve the agonies of the pit! Why, look at it, Dr. War—I mean Mr. Arthur! They are invading our soil, they are burning our cities and homes, they are slaughtering our men, women, and children; they want to set our negroes free; they are hiring them all the time to rise and cut our throats, and wash their black feet in our blood! Suppose those Yankees succeed; they make us their slaves, to hew wood for them—yes, drawers of wood and hewers of water to them long-legged, tallow-faced, peddling, cheating Yankees! I'd die first—die a thousand and a thousand times over! I've learned how to shoot with a revolver, and I'd kill them as soon's I would a snake. A snake?—yes, a genuine, Southern-born rattlesnake is more respectable than a Yankee! I've had our carving steel sharpened to a point for a dagger: if they come here I'll stab the first Yankee that enters that door! Come here? I tell you, Doctor—Mr. Arthur—I'll burn down my house with my own hands before they should have it. I'd make Doctor Warner shoot down every Hand he's got—and they all came to him through *me*—before he should let the Yankees get them. That's what Brother Barker says, Dr. Peel too, Lamum, and all. Did you read Colonel Ret Roberts's last speech? Only his wife is such a poor, downcast, silent sort of a woman! But you *must* pray for the Confederacy stronger, Mr. Arthur. Every body in Somerville is saying you are an Abolitionist. And just suppose they was to hang you some day; you may not know it, but people have threatened long ago to hang you. Ain't you afraid? You know they have hung ever so many." And oh, how much, much more!

And Mr. Arthur sat, holding, instinctively, hard to the arms of the large parlor rocking-chair in which he sat—sat while the upraised gates of the canal locks poured their tide upon him—sat waiting till the gush would flow itself out.

And so Mrs. Warner went on, taking snuff with her stick energetically all the time.

But the snuff which she so copiously dipped is not Mrs. Warner's only cause. Last night another of those wretched letters, written to some one in Somerville—nobody knows whom—from somebody near Corinth, has announced that Beauregard has actually evacuated Corinth, and is retreating South in confusion! But a day or so before there had been a well-authenticated report in Somerville that Beauregard had ordered his army to prepare for an immediate move upon the enemy. Lamum had filled the last *Star* with it; the thrilling address of Beauregard to his soldiers before the great victory that was to be; the enthusiasm of his army; the utter demoralization of the Federals; the whole regiments that had already been shot in the Union intrenchments for mutiny; the almost unanimous unwillingness of the troops, Yankees though they were, to fire another shot upon the Confederates.

"Hopeful as we have always been in regard to matters at Corinth," said Lamum, "we are now positively confident of a great and glorious victory, full particulars of which we will give in our next. Slowly but steadily has Beauregard been maturing his brilliant plans. All information from Corinth agrees that the thunder-bolt so long in forging has doubtless been launched long ere this. We congratulate all true Southern men in advance upon the great victory. As to the wretched traitors among us, let them know their day of doom is at hand!"—and vastly more to the same effect.

But one of those miserable letters has arrived, saying that all Beauregard's preparations were not for the rout of the Yankees, and for an immediate march either on St. Louis or Chicago, as Lamum and all others had so confidently predicted, but for a hasty retreat—a retreat under the fire of the Yankees—and leaving behind innumerable deserters. And, somehow, in ten hours after the arrival in Somerville of the letter, every body knows its contents—believes them too, no matter what they may say; past experiences have taught Somerville pretty thoroughly by this time that, amidst the perpetual rumors afloat, the rumors favorable to the Confederacy are almost invariably false, and the rumors of an unfavorable nature as invariably true—or, at least, too near true to be comfortable. Those wretched letters! Nothing could have been done that was not done. A full list had been furnished the postmaster in Somerville of those persons whose letters must be looked into before it could be decided whether their owners are to have them or not. Faithfully did Mr. Smithers, the postmaster, obey these instructions, but with a painful sense all the time of deserving the Penitentiary therefor. Yet almost every week somebody or other in Somerville was receiving and spreading abroad the astounding contents of some letter which should never have been written; or, if written, should never have been read except by an official; or, if read, should never have been whispered to a living soul—never. These foolish letters! Written from the various seats of the war by people who had reference in writing only to the facts, and not at all to the influence of those facts; unknown, unofficial people—in short, unsalaried people, who, in tenderly sustaining the Confederacy against every shock, had no most unusual income to nurse and protract thereby. The contrast, the steadily running contrast, between the printed information from the seats of the war and the undercurrent of private information from the same sources was amazing. Between the cross-streams of public and of private intelligence the air was always filled with all sorts of rumors as with the flying froth of conflicting waters.

Here is a bright summer morning upon which Dr. Warner casually drops in upon Guy Brooks in his office. "I would not have my name mentioned in it, you understand," Dr. Warner says, in a low, mysterious tone to the lawyer, "but there is a rumor afloat this morning that Richmond has been taken. Of course I do not vouch for the truth of it. Sam Peters was telling me this morning—let it go for what it is worth—that he overheard Lamum and Captain Simmons speaking earnestly together about Central America, tracing the route to it on a map open on Lamum's table. Of course we attach no importance to what Sam Peters says, but it really looks as if the leading Secessionists were contemplating a speedy flight, taken in connection with the other report from another source, you observe!" and the mild Doctor wipes his perspiring forehead, from which the hair is being blown away so in his high winds at home; quite bold the Doctor is becoming.

"I pay no attention to such things," says Guy Brooks, with brightening eyes, "but it may seem somewhat of a coincidence; the Secessionists—the leaders I mean—have had a remarkably depressed look about them of late. Pshaw! it's all nonsense; but I suppose you have heard about some lady or other suddenly coming in upon Mrs. Colonel Ret Roberts and finding her bathed in tears with her children around her. She had just heard, the interpretation is, from Roberts at Richmond that the game was over, you see." But the lawyer is ashamed of himself as he says it.

"We are kept so completely in the dark—

taking all these things together. Ah, well, we shall know sooner or later," says Dr. Warner, shaking his head as he considers it all over.

"And so Dr. Ginnis is running off with some of your patients?" inquires the lawyer at last.

"Such a loud Secessionist, you know. I can not help it. It is impossible for a man to think and feel except as he *does* think and feel; and I make such a poor hypocrite do the best at it I can," says poor Dr. Warner.

That very day the Scotchman was telling his pastor of this same rumor. "It is all over Somerville; people really believe it," said Mr. Ferguson. And he was right. Only wish to believe any thing, it is the easiest thing to do so. "It *may* be true, you know," said the Scotchman, before he had done referring to it; always scoffing at all news he did *not* wish to believe, too.

"Do you see this port-folio?" asked the Scotchman of a ponderous scrap-book lying open upon his table, with covers of blue pasteboard a yard square; half a foot thick the volume is. And he turned lovingly over the irregular leaves—pamphlets, speeches, sermons, placards, hand-bills, written notices of all shapes and sizes, newspapers, too, from a yard across down, toward the later dates, to sheets of eight inches, and of all the colors of the rainbow, according as wrapping paper was being resorted to under stress of the blockade. "Now, here is a complete set of the news and the rumors since the beginning of this awful delusion," continued Mr. Ferguson, turning over his collection with the pride of a virtuoso. "You see, I own lands in the State. My business used to be selling those lands. I have none to sell now, not a rood, for paper-money, you understand. So I have a good deal of leisure to spend on this collection. When a rumor is afloat unprinted, I write it out myself and paste it in;" and he turned in succession to several pages of his own writing carefully interleaved with the rest of the ponderous volume, his best hand it was in, and with date in full to each rumor, and plenty of capitals and marks of exclamation.

"And each one of those items was in its turn as a dose of ipecac to those who did not want to believe it, and as—"

"A glass of usquebaugh to those who did," said Mr. Ferguson, completing the sentence for his pastor. "Now I have even classified these items for a regular index, here in this blank book, to the volume," continued the Scotchman, laying his hand upon it. "I have almost nothing else to do; and I have become interested in it as a systematic study of this war, and of human nature during it. Would you like to hear my classification?"

The Scotchman had a grizzled beard covering all his mouth, and a dry, didactic way of speaking, with his chin fixed steadily between his shirt collar, and in crisp sentences. He walked with a stiff, short step, never turning his head right or left, favoring his most intimate friends with the slightest possible motion of his head, strictly up and down on its vertebræ, never a shade to one side or the other, when he met them. It had often occurred to Mr. Arthur that Mr. Ferguson, if himself classified, would have been labeled of the *Linnæus* species—a botanist caring for flowers only for analysis, without the slightest reference to their hue or fragrance.

"From the beginning of this delusion," continued he, with the dry precision of a lecturer, "all of the innumerable rumors I have classified as follows:

"*First*—The Confederacy is on the verge of recognition by Europe. I have put this first, as being the most frequently repeated and the most steadily believed.

"*Second*—The North is bankrupt, and can not carry on the war beyond the fifteenth of next month at the farthest. This was a more frequent rumor at first than it has been of late.

"*Third*—A great revolution favorable to the South is impending at the North.

"*Fourth*—France, England, and Spain have determined upon an instant armed intervention unless their terms are agreed upon by the end of this month; and the papers all contain these terms, drawn fully out, article by article, in diplomatic style.

"*Fifth*—An impending 'mutiny of the entire Federal army against the accursed scheme into which they have been hounded.'

"*Sixth*—Great and glorious victories, with the slaughter of half of the Federal army and the capture of the other half, stores, arms, gun-boats beyond calculation. To the same head belongs the repeated capture of Washington city.

"*Last*—The arrival, 'at last,' of the Confederate fleet, iron-plated, fully armed, from Europe, and the impending destruction of the Federal navy. Such are the classes of rumors, one or more of which are continually afloat. It matters not how often a rumor has been abroad and disproved before; like the balls of the juggler, one or more of them is continually in the air none the less.

"I mention no such small matter as the death—now by pneumonia, now by wounds, now by the hand of some brave Southerner penetrating into his camp for the purpose—of, in turn, every leading officer of the Federal army. Perpetually are they being killed and buried. If they are perpetually rising again from the dead it makes no difference. If they are proved to be alive today they are certain to die of disease or to be killed again in the papers to-morrow. There is not a single one of their deaths that I have not down here," said the Scotchman with pride.

"It is amazing how readily the report of yesterday is dropped," said Mr. Arthur. "It was eagerly heard and believed yesterday, yet its disproval to-day hardly excites a remark. It puzzles me."

"Not at all," said the countryman of Reid and Brown, in his sententious manner. "There is a reason for every operation of the human mind. Yesterday's news is forgotten because to-day's news is so much more glorious; then, yesterday's rumor was false, it seems, but that of to-day is certainly true. Besides, the hearty *wish* it may be true is so unfailing. One thing that interests me in this continual stream of news is my studying therein the working of the leaders of this most disastrous delusion. Like the paid pyrotechnist of a Fourth of July night, they see to it, out of sight themselves, that some rocket is always in the air to keep the gaping populace amused. They have such a supply to select from," said Mr. Ferguson, laying his broad and hairy palm on his foolscap classification. "It is but to dash off the lie best suited to the hour in a few rapid lines, send it to the next paper, and in a few days it is read and believed over the whole South. If you had studied this collection as I have, Sir, you would find that just when all the appearances are at their darkest for Secession, then, and exactly then, the largest and most splendid lie is whizzing overhead. It comes down a stick, to be sure; but it answers the purpose of the moment, and, on the next occasion, up goes another."

Mr. Arthur did not care to say so to his friend—he was too weary of strife for that; but he knew it was all only a whimsey of notionate Mr. Ferguson. Like multitudes of other men, the Scotchman ascribed to the politicians far more than was at all due them; for far more than they ever even dreamed of doing they had all the curse or all the credit, as the case was, thought the minister. They lashed the placid ocean into tempest, he said to himself, as he rode slowly home to Mrs. Sorel's. What long-continued and superhuman exertion it required! But now that they have fairly wrought it into commotion, the waters howl and heave and sparkle with all phosphorescent fires by the force of their own fury.

Arrived at home and gone to bed, Mars, not Morpheus, presided over his slumbers. Slumber? During the first hour or so after lying down he tossed as on the wild waves, wrecked, and the bottom of ocean miles beneath his struggling feet. The waters around him are thick with men and women clutching at and hurled off from each other, the drowning and the drowned. How red they are, too, the waters slimy and clinging, so that he can hardly even struggle in them. How many upturned faces rise and sink there! Can that bold brow with the large-set eyes be Colonel Ret Roberts? The thin face of the postage stamps jostled cheek by jowl with Bob Withers's ruby countenance and the pale cheek of Lamum? Horror! There floats by him a fair form, every lock of whose streaming hair is dearer to him than life, thrust aside by the sudden countenance of Colonel Juggins, giving place to that of Mrs. Juggins; and amidst all the gurgling, gasping terror the dreamer hears as from her lips, "What I say is, why can't they stay where they come from? We warn't interruptin' them that I know of," and the sleeper is awakened by his own laughter.

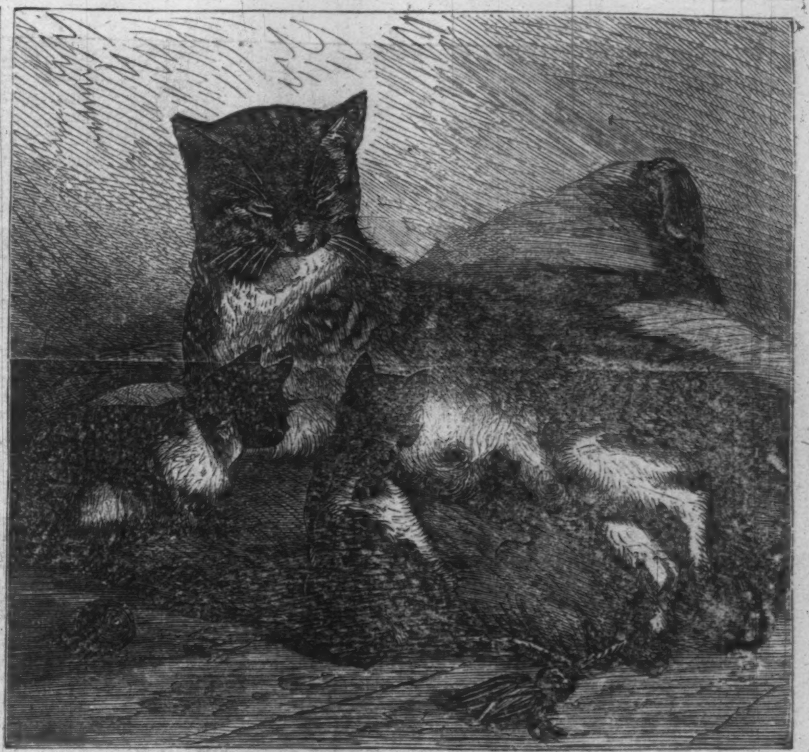
"Look here, my friend," he reasons with himself, "along this way madness lies." He is right there. Only give up to the thoughts pressing like the Eumenides after you just now, and you are in the highway to whitened hair and brow prematurely wrinkled, and insanity and suicide. Millions at the South are on that path now, suffering along all its degrees. Sleeplessness? For the first year of the war men could not sleep o' nights for the horror of the thing. However, as nature creates, they say, a sort of integument, a callous membrane about a bullet lodged in the body, so there grew a kind of covering, a callous accustomedness about the horror of the hour in the hearts of men, enabling them to endure it.

With solemn resolve to go to sleep, Mr. Arthur, after pacing the floor an hour or so in forming it, lay down again. He is just getting into a comfortable doze when the thought smites him up and out of bed again: "Suppose at the North Christian men and Christian ministers are as frantic, rabid, raving, unchristian, bloodthirsty for the Right as Brother Barker and his kind are here for the Wrong?" And he travels miles up and down his room upon that track of thought. About his three-hundredth turn at the wardrobe at the end opposite his bed the idea smites him full abreast, and halts him there for long minutes: and isn't this just the process, you poor creature, by which the whole land, North and South, is being prepared, through the deep humiliation of the church, for the greatest religious reaction the land and the world has ever known—to follow, can't you see it, on the heels of the war?

And the Rev. Edward Arthur goes again to bed upon this opiate, and sleeps sweetly until morning.

RATS AND MICE.

Perhaps few persons are aware how many kinds of mice are to be found in the world, or the extent of the ravages they will commit. It is a curious and interesting fact that in many cases where mice have increased to a great extent in corn or grass lands, and in extensive plantations, birds and beasts of prey increase in proportion to feed on them. Kites, hawks, owls, magpies, jays, and crows, as well as stoats, weasels, foxes, etc., may then be found in great abundance, assembled to feed on these destructive little quadrupeds, perhaps in localities where few of them had seldom been met with previously; so accurately does nature provide against what might otherwise be a serious evil. Mice will produce from six to eight young ones at a time, and breed several times in the course of the year, so that their increase must be very great were it not for their numerous enemies.



The mouse is exceedingly attached to her young ones. A lady of our acquaintance on removing a box in a room very seldom used, found a mouse's nest behind it. The female mouse on being discovered sat upright on the nest, and began to scream in a very loud and alarmed manner, evidently apprehensive for the safety of her young ones. My informant was so surprised at this occurrence that she went to call her father to witness it. On her return with him, after a very short absence, it was found that the parent mouse had removed all her young ones away, and they were afterward discovered under a chest of drawers in the same room, but on the opposite side to that in which the nest was first discovered, so rapid had been her proceedings, and so great her alarm for the safety of her young.

It is very difficult to account either for the dispositions or the proceedings of some animals. One would think that a cat would on all occasions in her power kill a mouse, especially when she had her kittens to feed; but this has not always been the case. An eminent surgeon, and an excellent man, whose veracity may be strictly relied on, on visiting a prison in one of the Midland Counties of England, came into a room accompanied by an attendant, in which he saw a cat suckling two or three kittens. "If you will stand quiet for a short time," said the man, "you will see a strange sight." He did so accordingly, when, to his great astonishment, he saw a mouse creep out of a hole, go to the cat, and begin sucking her. The attendant assured him that this was a circumstance of constant occurrence, and our informant was so struck with it that he not only witnessed it himself on subsequent occasions, but brought some of his friends to do so.

An old gentleman of my acquaintance was in the habit of sitting before a fire in his library, and dozing there for some time, remaining perfectly still. A mouse was in the constant habit of crawling up his leg and sitting on his knee, and rubbing its whiskers. Unfortunately the housemaids had not been told to refrain from hurting the mouse, which they at length discovered in the room and killed, to the great grief of my old friend.

Those who have been in the habit of taking their walks in the country can not fail to have observed dead shrew mice in their paths. It has been a common opinion for many years that these mice were killed by cats or mice, and not eaten on account of their poisonous nature, or from the strong scent which they emitted. On mentioning the circumstance to an eminent surgeon, well known for his researches into minute anatomy, he asked me to send him some specimens of these dead mice. On examining them he found that they were all males, and their death was occasioned by their fighting for the females in the spring: the jugular vein was separated in every instance, thus accounting for their being found in the manner above mentioned.

Among other varieties of mice, we have the long-tailed field mouse. It is brown on its back and its belly is white, with long ears and a tail nearly as long as itself. It lays up stores of acorns, nuts, corn, etc.; and Pennant tells us that the chief damage done to the fields results from swine grubbing up the ground to get at these stores. We have also the short-tailed mouse.

The last mouse I shall mention is the dormouse. In some of its habits it resembles the squirrel, by collecting nuts, etc., for its winter food, and, like that quadruped, eats its food in a sitting posture, and sleeps like the squirrel during a great part of the winter. The dormouse is not often seen, as it hides itself in woods and thick hedges, and, according to Pennant, makes its nest in the hollow of a tree. It is, however, more common than is generally supposed.

There are two varieties of land rats in England, and one water rat. Of the former, the brown or Norwegian rat has now nearly exterminated the original black rat, the latter being now regarded almost as a curiosity, although it is affirmed that it is still to be met with in some of the great brewing establishments in London. The increase of the brown rat is enormous. They have three broods in a year, generally from fourteen to eighteen in a litter. Their increase, therefore, would be enormous, did they not, as is well known, devour each other. Sometimes the size of an old male rat is very great. In the Abattoir near Paris, such was the increase of rats, that their burrows extended to a considerable space round the building, and in one night they devoured the carcass of a horse.

It is astonishing how cunningly and quickly rats will run along the hawser of a ship attached to another ship in order to search for more abundant food than they could procure in the ship they have just left. This is generally done in the night, but the migration has been witnessed in the daytime. When rats have devoured all the food in a barn, They will migrate in considerable numbers to another. A clergyman once witnessed one of these migrations, and saw an old blind rat holding a short bit of stick in his mouth, and another rat holding the other end; in this way the blind rat was conducted safely along. The contrivances of rats to procure food are sometimes very extraordinary. They have been known to insert their tails into an oil flask, and then lick off the adhering oil till the flask was emptied, or, at least, till their tails would reach the oil no longer. It has also been ascertained that they have made deposits of eggs in some concealed place, as a future stock of food. They were conveyed without breaking them, although it is difficult to guess in what way.

THE WINDOWS.

I stand in the cold and cheerless street,
'Mid the thickly falling snow,
And gaze, with a sad and aching heart,
At the windows all aglow—
At the windows bright with the warmth and light
Which gladden the walls within;
While the snow comes down on the roofs of the town
And the streets so filled with sin.

I think of the hearths where the fire-light shines,
And the forms that are gathered there,
Of the pleasant faces lit up by the glow,
And the happy smiles they wear.
I think of them all, while the snow-flakes fall,
As I gaze through a mist of tears,
And out of the vast and hidden Past
Comes the ghost of other years.

Once I had wealth and a host of friends,
I had once a home and a wife,
And a fair-haired child, with a radiant face,
To gladden the hours of life—
But my wealth it has fled; my child is long dead;
And my wife she left me to grieve;
And my host of friends (there the sad tale ends!)
They one and all took leave.

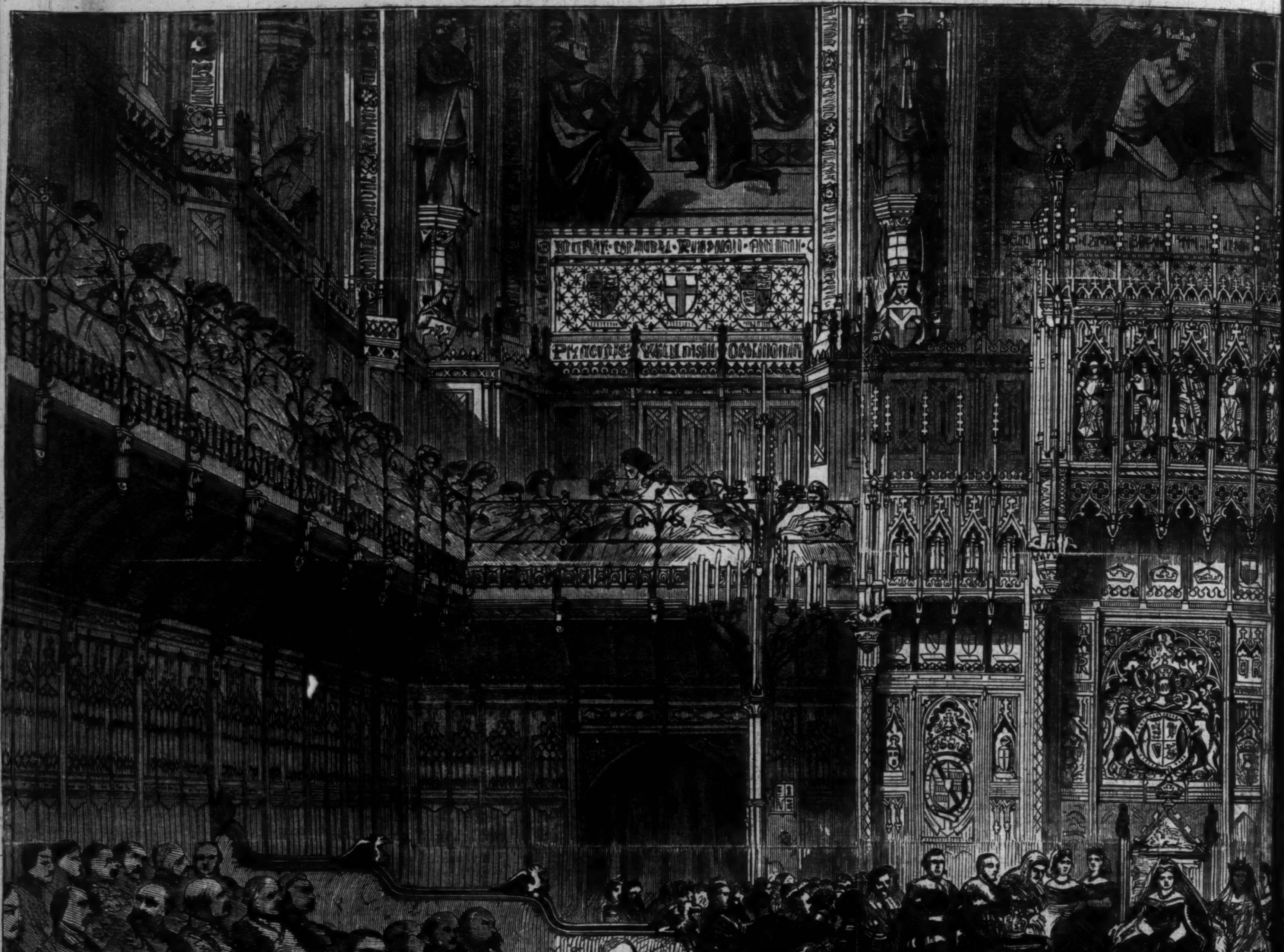
And here to-night in the cheerless street,
'Mid the thickly falling snow,
I stand and gaze, with an aching heart,
At the windows all aglow;
A vagrant, I—who in days gone by
Had servants to wait at my call—
With no friend to greet and no home but the street
Where the blinding snow-flakes fall.

I watch the shadows that move within,
As they quickly come and go;
And sometimes a face draws near to the pane,
To look on the street below—
To look on the street where the passing feet
Are scarcely heard to tread;
Where the snow from the skies like a pale shroud lies,
Like a shroud that covers the dead.

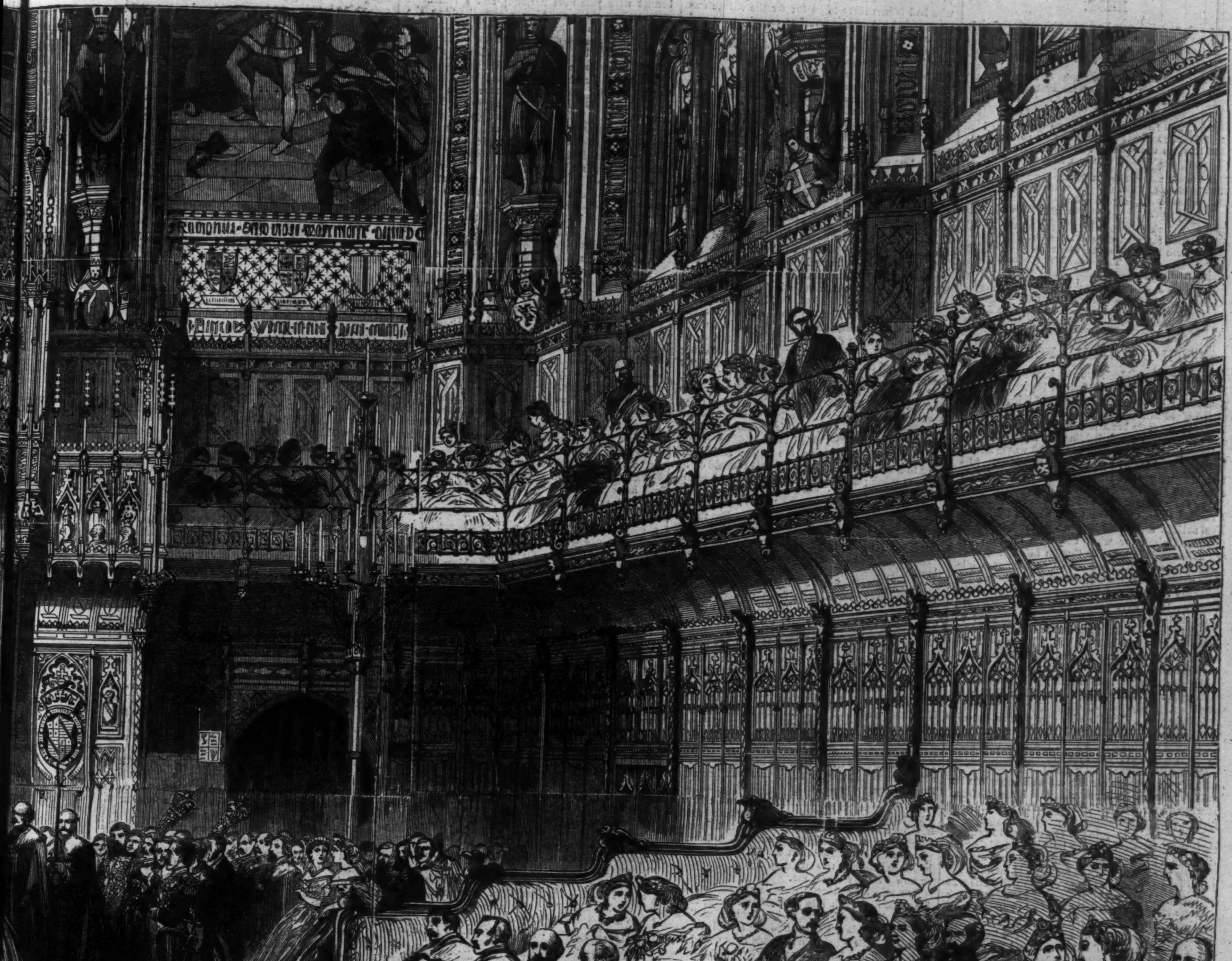
It is sometimes the face of a child I see,
And sometimes a maiden's fair,
With jewels of price in each delicate ear,
And a flower entwined with her hair:
It is sometimes a wife in the noon of life,
Or a matron in her prime;
And sometimes a face where the eye may trace
The furrows which deepen with time.

The children laugh in their innocent glee
As they watch the falling snow;
The maiden listens to catch a step,
A step she has learned to know;
The young wife smiles as some thought beguiles
The loving heart in her breast;
And the old man's eyes glance up at the skies,
Where the good have hope of rest.

Rest! what a word is that to one
With no home but the cheerless street—
Where even the dogs shrink back with a growl
At the houseless wretch they meet.
Oh, when will the light, so warm and bright,
In the windows cease to shine?
For the glow on the walls to my mind recalls
The comforts that once were mine!



QUEEN VICTORIA OPENING HER SEVENT PA



ARLIAMENT, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1866.

REST.

Toll out, ye bells! sound midnight through the air;
Tick out men's lives, now groaning under care;
Wear out great Time with clashes every where—
I wait, yea long, for rest.

Stride on, stop not, ye finger-marks of woe;
Haste ye, ye shades! Oh! let the sunlight go;
Wing past, ye hours, life is too sad and slow—
I wait, yea long, for rest.

Bud forth, ye flowers, let Spring and Summer die;
Bend down, ye sheaves, let Autumn too go by;
Cold blow, ye winds, another Winter's nigh—
I wait, yea long, for rest.

Rest cometh not, rest is not for the young;
Rest liveth not, it lies the graves among;
Rest comes to age, so yonder death-bells sung—
I wait, yea long, for rest.

Rest cometh not with worldly joy and mirth;
Rest cometh not until the soul's new-birth;
Rest cometh not until we die to earth—
Then cometh rest indeed.

Death clasps our lives, stealeth them carefully;
Rest guards our souls now lying peacefully,
Closeth our lips, which murmur thankfully—
"*Now* have we rest indeed."

SETH HATHRON'S FOURTH.

I always was a black-browed, broad-shouldered, brute of a fellow, always from a boy. At school (not that I had much of that sort of thing), but at school if old Miss Peggy found out any mischief she laid it to my score because of my looks, when often and often, while I was holding out my hand to be rulered, the prettiest boy in the school was grinning over his good luck in getting off so safely. She had her preconceived notions of a villain, I presume, and I answered the description.

For the matter of that, of all the books and stories I've read since, especially those written by ladies, I've noticed there isn't one where the burglar, or forger, or pirate, or what not, who does all the wickedness of the book, as though he's taken it on contract, wouldn't do for *me* on a passport, while their pets, who do the grand and noble things, are generally slender, and fair, and pretty. Now the worst wretch *I* ever saw—one who was afterward hung, and who deserved hanging richly, even on his own showing—had blue eyes, and white lashes, and a pink mouth like a girl's. It's so over and over again; but it's my opinion that if women were put on the police, before the year was over every hulking, awkward, bilious fellow whose eyebrows met would be locked up in the State Prison on suspicion.

I never was a favorite with any woman but my mother, and she died when I was eight years old. So instead of growing up with the idea that most men have, that every girl they meet is ready to fall in love with them, I never had the slightest hope that any one would ever like me well enough to let me fall in love with her even. And I liked girls so. It was odd for a fellow like me, but *how* I did like girls!

I never could bear to see one cry, or to hear of their being imposed upon or hurt. I couldn't pass one with a heavy basket or bundle without at least *wanting* to offer to carry it for her. I could never bring myself to sit in stages or cars when one was standing. I don't think I could if I had been weak or lame instead of the giant I was. Yet I've seen *gentlemen* lounge with their hands in their pockets while poor old ladies, who might have been their grandmothers, stood up before them! And *their* manners were good and mine those of a bear, and I myself only a working-man, who learned all he ever knew at old Miss Peggy's school.

Something as a man might have felt just in sight of the angels, who were too much above him to be spoken to or touched, I felt about all girls. That is, good, pure girls. When a woman was intoxicated or in any way debased she never seemed a woman to me, but a dreadful sort of creature, all the worse for having something of the pretty womanly look about her.

I was a maker of fire-works, as my father had been before me. I don't know that I liked the business particularly, but there I was, and there I staid. I made good wages, and saved them; for I didn't think enough about my looks to dress much, and I never drank. "Sulky," the other men called me. What of that? It was better to be sulky than raving mad, as some of them were so surely as Saturday night came round. Men with nice, good-looking wives too, whose children wanted for bread and shoes what they spent in drink. I never expected to have a wife and children, but I knew how they ought to be used better than they did.

I suppose I had come to be twenty-eight or so, and no girl had ever looked at me, except as she might at a tamish polar bear, when, one day, old Mr. Williams, the proprietor of the place, came to me as I was going home to dinner, and said, in his own quick way:

"Hathron, can you drive?"

"Yes, Sir," said I.

"I want you to take the wagon and go over to the railroad dépôt at Baldwin, and bring down a new hand and her traps," he said. "She'll be there at half past twelve, so you'll have barely time to snatch a bite and go; and you can have the rest of the day to yourself, if you like, as it's Saturday. Her name is Annie May."

Before you can understand what he meant I must tell you that our place (they called it the "Ne plus ultra Pyrotechnic Establishment," bless you!) employed some five-and-twenty girls, and that they generally came from a distance, and boarded while they staid with an old woman close by, all in one place, to keep them out of harm's way.

Mr. Williams insisted on that, and had a lot of rules about the hours they were to keep and the way they were to behave; good rules, and not so rigid but that there was plenty of innocent courting and more than one wedding in a season. As for we men, we went where we chose. Some put up at the tavern, some with people who would take a few boarders, and those who lived in the place with their families. There were very few girls who had homes there to go to; for the village was an uppish kind of place, full of country seats and villas, and the factory stood all by itself, quite a distance away, and the tavern and the few common houses were grouped close about it, as if the others were too genteel to mix with them. So Mrs. Munson's place was always full. When a new girl came down somebody always had to be sent over to Baldwin to bring her to the factory. I had never been before, and why I was chosen this time it was hard to tell. However, I was willing enough, and so, when I had taken a bite, I put on my best coat and drove over.

It was a day to tempt a man out—a beautiful spring day, with tender green grass on the earth and tender pink buds on the branches, and in the sky there were only two or three fleecy bits of clouds, like carded wool, amidst the blueness. It took only half an hour to get to Baldwin. I'd have been willing it should be ten whole ones.

The train had got in, and there were people waiting in the little house at the dépôt—a couple of stout old ladies, a gentleman who looked like a minister, and a young woman. I looked at her and made up my mind *she* couldn't be the new hand, not because she was more dressed than they usually were, but because she wasn't dressed half so much. Generally they had on their brightest gowns, and big beads around their necks, and roses enough in their bonnets to fill a garden. This girl was all in gray, and wore a veil to match. The things were cheap and not new, but they made her look like a lady. I walked up and down and waited. The fat women went away in a wagon; the clergyman had a gig sent for him; and there the girl sat beside her trunk, looking now and then out of the window and beginning to seem anxious. At all events it could do no harm to speak; so I took off my hat and stepped up, with a bow.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said I, "but has there been any body here asking about being taken to Mr. Williams's place?"

"I want to go there myself," she answered; "that is, if you mean the fire-work factory. I'm Annie May."

"I do mean the fire-work factory," I said. "Mr. Williams sent me down to fetch you. I'm Seth Hathron, one of the hands. The wagon is outside; will you get in?—Wait a bit; I'll put the trunk in first."

"Sha'n't I help you?" she said, and she put her little hand to the handle nearest her. It looked so small I burst out laughing.

"I don't need any help," said I—but I thought I could carry both the trunk and its owner together, if I chose, and she'd let me. She was the smallest creature, to be a full-grown woman, that I ever saw. A piece of the blue sky for her eyes, and a bit of the golden sunshine for her hair, and some of those wild roses that would climb with the barberries over the stone fences seen for her cheeks, and you know how to paint her.

After I had helped her in and had taken the reins in my hands, I kept stealing looks at her and thinking how beautiful she was; and I tried to talk about things that would please her, and pointed out the places on the road, and felt that, bright as the day had been before, it was somehow a great deal brighter now with her beside me.

We stopped at Mrs. Munson's and said good-by. I carried her trunk into the hall and called the old lady, and drove the horse back to the stable. Then, having a holiday, I got a newspaper and went out into the woods—Baldwin's Woods they called them—and I think I knew every tree by heart.

I sat down by chance under a great oak, where Jack Varne, one of the hands, had carved J. V. for his name, and O. G. for Olive Grey's, and had put a ring around them both; and as I looked at the work fell to wondering why Jack Varne should have a sweet-heart and I none, and whether it was only his pretty face or something in our ways that made all girls like him and none me. And somehow I felt lonesome and unhappy, and couldn't read my paper, and sat down with my head on my hands, sulkier than ever, I suppose, to look at. Maybe it was an hour, maybe two, that I sat there before I heard a step coming over the grass, and looking up, saw the girl I had driven over from Baldwin—Annie May—coming toward me. She did not see me at first; but when she did she started and stopped, and smiled at me just as I'd seen other girls smile often at other men, but never once at me before that moment. I never thought what I was doing, but held out my great brown paw and shook hands with her as if we had been friends for years.

"I found there was nothing for me to do in the factory until Monday," she said, "and I came out to see what these woods were like. It's a pretty place."

"Prettier in summer," I said, "and prettiest of all in autumn, when the leaves are burned gold and scarlet."

"I like spring best," she said; "every thing is new and fresh, and just begun. In autumn every thing is nearly over—and that is sad."

"I don't mind it," I said; "I haven't a gay disposition, I suppose," I said. "But look here—if you like fresh young things I'll show you something;" and I took her to where, behind a fallen log, the first spring violets always grew. There were a dozen there now, and she went down on her knees to smell them. She would only pick one, though; it seemed wrong, she said.

That one, after we had walked for an hour or so, somehow dropped out of her hair. She did not know it, but I did; and when she had gone home I went back and found it lying on the path and put it in my bosom. It was so sweet and fresh and beautiful that I could but think it was like her. I liked to think so. Oh, what a day that was for me! What a night when I dreamed it over!

Next day was the Sabbath, and I did what I'd never done before. After I was dressed, angry with myself for not looking handsomer all the while I stood before the glass, I went over to Mrs. Munson's and asked for Miss May.

She came down in a muslin dress and a pretty bonnet with pale blue ribbons; and I remember stammering out something about thinking she might like to go to church and would not know the way. That was all nonsense, of course, for there was the steeple in full sight, but it gave me what I wanted, leave to be with her again.

I'm afraid I couldn't have remembered the text to save my life, and that the sermon was thrown away on me. But I was very happy—happier than I had ever been before; for this sweet young thing seemed to like me, was frank and pleasant with me, and found, I was so glad to think, a sort of protection that she liked in my great arm where her hand rested, going home over the fields, like a fallen snow-flake. It almost seemed to me that I must be crazy to believe that she had taken a notion to me; but it was true. So true that when four of those Sabbaths had passed I made her walk with me again in Baldwin's Woods, and sat down beside her on the hollow log, behind which a great patch of violets were in bloom by that time, and told her how I loved her, and asked her to be my wife.

Only a month since she came there—only one month since I drove her over in the little wagon; but if the answer had been any thing else than what it was I should have prayed to die. It may not be such a mighty matter to other men to have one woman's love, but I had no one else on earth to care for. So when she said, "Yes," and let me kiss her, it was only shame that kept me from crying outright for joy.

She was mine now, and how proud I was of her! How glad to know that she was so near me when I was at work! How happy to see her so trim and neat among the other girls, who were most of them slovenly when they were not fine! and how full of dreams of the future!

She had promised to marry me in the autumn, and after that she should work no more in the factory. I was saving to buy a little three-roomed cottage in the village, and to furnish it—humbly, of course, but so that it should be a home for her; and when she was its mistress I should not envy any king his palace. Meanwhile we saw as much of each other as we could, both working so industriously.

One week we had been more than usually busy, for it was near the end of June, and we were making fire-works for the Fourth of July, and the first I had seen of Annie that day I saw in the great salesroom where we always gathered to receive our wages. The men on one side, the girls on the other, stepping up to the great desk one by one as old Griffin, the clerk, called our names. I looked across the line of girls' faces, and saw her smiling at me, but I could not get near her. Besides, at that moment, my name was called—"Hathron"—and I stepped up to the desk. Then, for the first time, I noticed that old Griffin was not there. A nephew of Mr. Williams, whose name I knew to be Richard Janes, was paying the hands instead. He was a handsome young fellow, and very gentlemanly—one of the fair kind. I remember thinking as he laid my wages before me that his hair was just the color of Annie's.

He had a sort of amateur way with him very different from the business-like manner of old Griffin, and when it came to the girls he had something pleasant to say to each one, instead of the old man's snapping—"Sixpence deducted from yours, Jane!" or, "You were late three days last week, Martha!" What he said to Annie I don't know, but she blushed like a wild rose from brow to chin.

Walking home together, she asked me who he was.

"Mr. Janes," I answered; "did you never see him before?"

"No," said Annie. "How very handsome he is!—don't you think so?"

I gave a grudging "Yes." I couldn't bear to hear her praise him. She might, for all I knew, be contrasting him with me. That was the first pain I had had since she had promised herself to me! but there was more to come of it.

Besides her daily work Annie had got into the way of doing some fine sewing and embroidery of evenings for a Miss Redford, a beautiful young lady, who lived in the prettiest house in the village, and once a week she carried it home. Generally I went with her; but there was overwork for the men to do one night, and I could not get off. I fretted and fumed about it, and when the time came couldn't for the life of me help slipping away to a stairhead window to try and catch a glimpse of her. Sure enough, I did see her a good way on the road, with her little basket on her arm, but there was some one with her. It was too far to see faces, but I knew the light-gray coat he wore, and it was Mr. Richard Janes. He was bending over her as though talking very earnestly; and when some one inside called "Hathron!" and I could stay no longer, they were still going on close together—her face turned up and his bent down, both earnest and eager in whatever they were talking of.

I went back to my work, but I kept that picture before my eyes all the while. I thought of it until it seemed to be burned into my heart in fiery outlines. After all, it was only what might easily have happened if Mr. Janes had walked the same way by chance; but I could not look at it that way—or perhaps I would not.

It was like my sulky, brooding nature, too, never to say one word about it to Annie, but to keep on thinking and watching in silence. I found out more than I wanted to in that way; for one day when I had made an excuse to enter the women's work-room after Mr. Janes had gone there, I plainly saw him slip a little note slyly into Annie's pocket. The time had come around for her to go over to Miss Redford's with her work; but that evening, instead of going with her, I watched her—hiding like a thief behind trees and buildings on the road. She went alone and came alone, and I saw nothing for my pains. I did at church next Sabbath, though. When the hymn was given out Mr. Janes, sitting in the handsome family pew, seeing Annie in doubt as to the number—for the old clergyman didn't always speak distinctly—reached over and took her book to find the place (she sat but a pew behind him). When he gave it back I saw that there was something between the leaves, and come what might would have snatched it, but at that moment Miss Redford, who sat in the side aisle, whispered to Annie to show her the number, and I lost the chance, for in passing the books it was hidden. That it was a note I knew by the white glimmer of the edge as well as if I had seen the whole of it, and surely as I live I saw Annie give Mr. Janes a meaning smile as he passed us on the church path going home.

Miss Redford looked at Annie as if she knew something of it too, as she stepped after her father and mother into the carriage. They were carriage people—the Redfords—and the old folks looked down on every body else. There was a feud between them and the proprietors of the factory, and they never spoke to either the Williamses or Mr. Janes; so there was no social chatting on the porch, and the Williams people smiled sarcastically, and the old Redfords scowled and looked haughty, until they were all fairly shut in and driven away. Not Mr. Janes—he was too gentlemanly; nor Miss Redford—she was too sweet. The feud was among the old folks. The farmers' families made up for their ill-temper though, and half the genteel people from the villas were smirking and bowing to each other.

The factory hands who were at church—a dozen in all, I suppose—hurried home pell-mell by short cuts, not to lose their dinners, and of them all only Annie and I were left. She was waiting for me to join her—a thing I didn't mean to do.

I leaned against the iron railing of the churchyard, wishing I was sound asleep under one of the green mounds, but only looking darker and sulkier, no doubt, than usual, until I saw her turn toward me. Then I leaped the railing and went away, never looking back. I did not go home, but spent the day in Baldwin's Woods alone.

On Monday I was at work as usual. It was the third of July, and the Fourth, of course, was to be a holiday. There were to be grand celebrations at Baldwin, and the show-pieces for the evening were being finished at our place, under the superintendence of Mr. Richard Janes. It was hard to keep the younger hands at their work. They were half crazy about the Fourth, and I suppose every one of them had a pistol. I never cared for banging at nothing, and should not have had one even if I had felt differently. One young fellow tried hard all day to sell me his: like a goose he had bought two, and was sorry for it.

About dusk I went to get my supper, and was coming back when, among the shadows, I saw two figures standing whispering together. I felt in a moment who they must be, and got close enough to hear their voices. It was as I thought. One was Annie May, the other Richard Janes. They were parting, but I heard enough in the few last words:

"Eleven will be the best time; the moon will be up by then. I'll have the carriage waiting under the two elms in Baldwin's Woods. Be certain about the hour, for the down-train starts a quarter to twelve. Good-by—God bless you!"

Not another word—but I knew the whole. She was going off with Richard Janes. She whom I loved so. The one of all the world who had seemed to love me. I heard his firm tread die away. I heard her light footstep rustle over the grass, and went back myself to the work-room, for we were to work until a late hour that night. I walked straight up to the young fellow who had been trying all day to sell me his superfluous pistol.

"Smith," said I, "I think I'll trade with you after all."

"Good for you," said he. "The Fourth ain't no Fourth without a pistol, and this is goin' cheap. A good load in it too, so be careful."

I counted down the money and took the weapon away with me. Do you want to know what I meant to do with it? Shoot myself through the heart. The idea of murder had not crept into my mind then. I'd swear that with my dying breath.

I only wanted to get rid of my tiresome life. There was nothing left to live for—so it seemed to me.

At half past ten I got the chance I wanted, and slipped out. I was going to kill myself in Baldwin's Woods, on the dead log behind which the first spring violets grew, and where we had sat so often since together. The moon was just rising round and yellow behind the black trees, and the factory windows were all ablaze. As I slunk by the office I saw Mr. Richard Janes there alone. He was standing exactly under a swinging lamp. A trying light for any but a very handsome face, but his was not hurt by it. Great Heavens! how handsome he looked and how happy. My blood boiled with rage, and jealousy, and grief. I was as mad for the moment as any lunatic could be. My hand went into my bosom and caught at the pistol hidden there. The next instant I had fired, taking aim at the handsome head.

But it was not good aim. The ball passed over its mark and struck the swinging lamp. I saw it fall, and a great blaze spring up on the instant, and knew that the fire-work factory was on fire. That factory filled to the roof with explosive substances, and with a hundred and fifty men and boys, and pretty, innocent girls shut up within its walls. I do not know whether Satan ever feels remorse, but if he does it must be such as I felt—hopeless, maddening, scorching.

The next instant there was a horrible report, and I was thrown into the air.

Not hurt, though. I picked myself up from the grass and stood looking at my work. The windows were belching forth flame up in the air, amidst the smoke. Hundreds of rockets, and blue-lights, and Catharine wheels were tossing and flaming—scarlet, and yellow, and purple, and pink, and green, and blue. Hundreds of cannons seemed to be roaring; and over it all you could hear screams—women's screams—and I went down on my knees and prayed—

"Oh, save her, save her—to be his wife, to hate me—only save her!"

People were flocking in from the village. Workmen, singed and scorched, forcing their way through the flames; and in the midst of the wildest tumults some one caught my arm. I turned—it was Annie, and beside her, white and trembling, stood Miss Redford.

"Oh, Seth—thank God for this!" cried Annie; "you are safe. Oh, dear young lady, try to hope—he may be too."

And then that beautiful Miss Redford sank on her knees before me, and clasped her hands, and prayed me to save *her Richard!*

"I should have been his wife in an hour," she said. "Oh, save my husband—save my husband—my love, my life, my darling!"

The truth rushed into my mind then. I saw all my blind folly. I remembered the feud between the Redfords and the Williams family, and knew that my Annie had only been helping Miss Redford to meet and correspond with her lover; that it was to her the message I had heard that evening had been sent, and that it would have been better for me to be dead.

"Go out of danger!" I panted. "I'll bring him to you or die with him!" and, with Annie's scream of terror in my ear, dashed away. They were playing on the burning building with the one engine they had at hand by this time, and I could see that most of the workmen were alive.

I clutched one by the arm as I went past.

"Are the women in there yet?" I yelled.

"No, thank Heaven," he answered. "Didn't you know the women were dismissed five minutes before the explosion took place. There wasn't one there. All the men are out too, I guess, but them that were setting the last show-piece in the room next the office—about a dozen. The rest jumped out o' window. There's a broken limb or two, I guess. But that's better than the poor fellows inside roasting alive or blown to pieces. Young Mr. Janes is there, too. His uncle is offering any thing to have him got out. Life's worth more than money, though nobody can do it."

He was right. For hours we worked at the fire before it was out; and then a great heap of lumber was piled over the bodies of the thirteen men who must be inside—dead we supposed—and I heard some one say that Miss Redford was going from one swoon into another at the Williamses, and that it had come out that she was to have eloped with Mr. Janes the night before.

It was the Fourth of July; but no guns were fired and no bells rung at Baldwin. All the people of the town were about the factory helping as best they could. We lifted great charred logs and heaps of boards and molten cans, and at last one stopped. "Hush!" he cried; "for God's sake no noise. I hear a voice!" And then amidst a breathless silence we heard a moan under our feet.

We worked with a will now, and at last heard more.

One of the men put his head close down and cried, "Are any of you alive?" And some one groaned, "Yes."

Black with smoke, scorched by the cinders we handled, we went at it again, and at last came to a spot where the beams had made a kind of penthouse. There, jammed together and half suffocated, but alive, were four men. And such a yell went up as mortal ears never heard before. Four saved! four saved! And we drew them out and gave them over to the doctors. Then there was another shout not so loud, for we had come to one insensible, jammed between two logs. He breathed though as soon as we brought him to the air.

It was a time no one ever forgot. Judge what it was to me!

At last all were out but Mr. Janes, and somebody cried that they could see him under some beams. It was a dangerous place to get at; but I would not stop for that. I forced myself into the narrow aperture, and set to work. I called, but there was no answer. At last I came to him, lying with a great beam across his chest. His beautiful golden hair and beard were singed and scorched, and one of his hands was blistered. I touched him, and screamed in his ears, but they were deaf to me. I got the log off somehow, and dragged him to the light, and then I had help enough. They took him between them and laid him on the grass, and the doctor unfastened his vest.

"Is he dead?" I asked; and I meant as truly as I live, if the answer were "yes," to tell the crowd before me what I had done, knowing well that if I did no law could save me.

There was no answer for a moment, and I spoke again, "Is he dead?" And God bless the dear, white-headed old man who answered so kindly:

"No, my man, he isn't dead. I think he's coming to."

Oh, the mercy of the good Lord—think of it! Of the whole not one was killed. There were burns, and broken limbs, and black eyes, but there was no death; and soon I saw Richard Janes—pale and faint but out of danger—standing before me. I couldn't believe God had been so good to me.

Then that old white-haired doctor mounted on a pile of burned logs and lifted his hat, and there were three such cheers as were never heard before, and a dozen boys sped in to Baldwin to ring the joy-bells; and women came crying to thank me for helping to save their dear ones—so that for shame I went and hid myself in Baldwin's Woods and cried, with my head hidden in my arms, on the old log where the violets were.

Then somebody came softly up the path and sat beside me, and bent over me, and took me, singed and smoke-stained as I was, in two white arms—and only one of all the world could do that—and without looking I knew it was Annie.

"My noble, brave darling," she said; "my own dear that I am so proud of!" and sobbed and kissed me.

"They are so happy, too," she said; "and Mr. Janes is only scorched and burned a very little, and old Mr. Redford is reconciled to old Mr. Williams, and they will be married after all. They are so fond of each other, Seth—as fond as you and I."

And then I stood up and put her gently from me, and made atonement for my sin by an awful sacrifice. I told her the truth—what I was, and what I had done, and why, and waited to hear her renounce me.

She did not do it. She was shocked and grieved, but she pitied me, and I dared to take her in my arms and call her mine again. I believe that all my life there had been an evil spirit in my breast, and that he left me forever at that moment.

It was some time before the factory was rebuilt, and some had been injured, and many were out of work. I knew my duty. To those in need came little gifts of money every week, with no clew to its donor, until my savings were all gone.

So we did not buy the three-roomed cottage, and perhaps never shall; but, penniless as I was, she married me, and we are happy.

Mr. Janes and Miss Redford are married too; and when we sit in church she smiles across the pews to that little wife of mine, and I think, with a pang of terror even yet, from what God's mercy saved me.

JAVA COFFEE.

Let elderly ladies delight if they can
In black, green, or camomile tea;
I am firmly persuaded no drink for a man
Can be equal to Java Cof-*fee*.

A cup of good coffee will wind a man up,
As a watch is wound up by the key.
Then give me for breakfast, for dinner, and sup-
Per, a drink of good Java Cof-*fee*.

Our patriot ancestors did a good thing
In destroying those ship-loads of tea;
But they'd gladly have suffered the vessels to bring
Whole cargoes of Java Cof-*fee*.

We hear of *Young Hy-son;* but when we inquire
Whose *son* the young fellow may be,
The Chinese mythology tells us his sire
Was Old Government Java Cof-*fee*.

For wines and for spirits I've greater contempt
Than for Hyson, Souchong, and Bohea;
With them all put together you'd never attempt
To rival good Java Cof-*fee*.

When tonics are needed throw *bark* to the *dogs*,
And let bitters and iron-pills be;
A tonic far better than any such drugs
Is decoction of Java Cof-*fee*.

All lawyers want pay for enforcing the laws,
And retainers are welcome to me;
But the *fee* I like best when *I* argue a cause,
I assure you, is Java Cof-*fee*.

But coffee is commonly coupled with toast,
And our toast for this evening shall be:
To the memory of him who first taught us to roast
The rich berry of Java Cof-*fee!*

STUCK FAST.

I goes home one night, and Mrs. Burge—that's our nex'-room neighbor—shows me something wrapped up in flannel, all pink and creasy, and very snuffly, as though it wanted its nose blowing; which couldn't be expected, for it hadn't got any to signify.

"Ain't it a little beauty?" she says.

Well, I couldn't see as it was; but I didn't like to say so, for I knew my wife Polly had been rather reckoning on what she said we ought to have had more'n a year ago; so I didn't like to disappoint her, for I knew she lay listenin' in the nex' room.

Polly always said there never was such a baby as that one; and somehow it *was* taking to see how her face used to light up all over smiles when she thought I warn't looking; and I knew it was all on account of the little un. She never said she felt dull now; and when at home of a night I used to think how my mates would laugh to see me a-handling the little thing that was allus being pushed into my face to kiss; when I'm blest if ever I see such a voracious un in my life: it would hang on to you—nose, lip, any wheres—in a minute.

One day, when it was about nine months old, it was taken all of a sudden like with a fit. Polly screamed to me to run for the doctor; for it happened that I was on the club that week, and at home with a bad hand. I run for him and he soon come; and then there was a warm bath and medicine; but afterward, when I saw the little thing lying on Polly's lap so still and quiet, and with a dull film forming over its eyes, I felt that something was coming, though I dared not tell her; and about twelve o'clock the little thing suddenly started, stared wildly an instant, and then it was all over.

My hand warn't bad any more that week; for it took all my time to try and cheer up my poor heart-broken lass. She did take on dreadful, night and day, night and day, till we buried it; and then she seemed to take quite a change, and begged of me to forgive what she called her selfishness, and wiped her eyes once for all, as she said, and talked about all being for the best. But she didn't know that I lay awake of a night, feeling her cry silently till the pillow was soaked with tears.

We buried the little one on the Sunday, and on the Monday morning I was clapped on to a job that I didn't much relish, for it was the rebricking of a sewer that ran down one of the main streets, quite fifty feet underground.

Arter two years in London I'd seen some change, but this was my first visit to the bowels of the earth. I'd worked on drains down in the country, but not in such a concern as this: why a Lifeguard might have walked down it easy; so that there was plenty of room to work. But then, mind you, it ain't pleasant work; there you go, down ladder after ladder, past gas-pipes and water-pipes, and down and down, till you get to the stage stretched across the part you are at work on, with the daylight so high up, as seen through boards, and scaffolds, and ladders, that it's no use to you who are working by the light of flaring gas. There in front of you is the dark black arch; and there behind you is another; while under your feet the foul rushing water hurries along, sending up a smell as turns your silver watch, and every sixpence and shilling you have in your pocket, black as the water that swirls bubbling along. Every word you speak sounds hollow and echoing, while it goes whispering and rumbling along the dark arch till you think it has gone, when all at once you hear it again quite plain in a way as would make you jump as much as when half a brick or a bit o' hard mortar dropped into the water.

But talk about jumping, nothing made me jump more than when a bit of soil, or a stone, was loosened up above and came rattling down. I've seen more than one chap change color; and I know it's been from the thought that, suppose the earth caved in, where should we be? No doubt the first crush in would do it, and there'd be an end of workmen and foreman; but there seemed something werry awful in the idea o' being buried alive.

Big as the opening was, when I went to work it made me shudder: there was the earth thrown out; there was the rope at the side; there was the boarding round: there it was for all the world like a big grave, same as I'd stood by on a little scale the day before; and feeling a bit low-spirited, it almost seemed as though I was going down into my own, never to come up any more.

Werry stupid and foolish ideas, says you—far-fetched ideas. Werry likely, but that's what I thought; and there are times when men has werry strange ideas; and I'll tell you for a fact that something struck me when I went down that hole as I shouldn't come up it again; and I didn't, neither. Why, the werry feel o' the cold damp place made you think o' being buried, and when a few bits of earth came and rattled down upon the stage above my head, as soon as the first start was over it seemed to me so like the rattling o' the earth but a few hours before upon a little coffin, that something fell with a pat upon my bright trowel, which, if it had been left, would ha' been a spot o' rust.

Nothing like work to put a fellow to rights; and I soon found that I was feeling better, and the strokes o' my trowel went ringing away down the sewer as I cut the bricks in half; and after a bit I almost felt inclined to whistle, but I didn't, for I kept on thinking of that solitary face at home—the face that always brightened up when I went back, and had made such a man ov me as I felt I was, for it was enough to make any man vain to be thought so much of. And then I thought how dull she'd be, and how fond she'd be o' looking at the drawer where all the little things were kept; and then I—well, I ain't ashamed of it, if I am a great hulking fellow—I took care that nobody saw what I was doing, while I had a look at a little bit of a shoe as I had in my pocket.

I didn't go home to dinner, for it was too far off; so I had my snack, and then went to it again directly along with two more, for we was on the piece. We had some beer sent down to us, and at it we went till it was time to leave off; and I must say as I was glad of it, and didn't much envy the fresh gang coming on to work all night, though it might just as well have been night with us. I was last down, and had jest put my foot on the first round of the ladder, when I heard something falling as it hit and jarred the boards up'ards; and then directly after what seemed to be a brick caught me on the head, and, before I knew where I was, I was off the little platform, splash down in the cold rushing water that took me off and away yards upon yards before I got my head above it; and then I was so confused and half-stunned that I let it go under again, and had been carried ever so far before, half-drowned, I gained my legs and leaned, panting and blinded, up against the slimy wall.

There I stood for at least ten minutes, I should suppose, shuddering and horrified, with the thick darkness all around, the slimy, muddy bricks against my hands, the cold, rushing water beneath me, and my mind in that confused state that for a few minutes longer I didn't know what I was going to do next, and wanted to persuade myself that it was all a dream, and I should wake up directly.

All at once, though, I gave a jump, and, instead o' being cold with the water dripping from me, I turned all hot and burning, and then again cold and shuddery; for I had felt something crawling on my shoulder, and then close against my bare neck, when I gave the jump, and heard close by me a light splash in the water—a splash which echoed through the hollow place, while, half to frighten the beast that I fancied must be in swarms around me, half wrung from me as a cry of fear and agony, I yelled out,

"*Rats!*"

Rats they were; for above the hollow "wash-wash, hurry-hurry, wash-wash, hurry-hurry" of the water, I could hear little splashes and a scuffling by me along the sides o' the brick-work.

You may laugh at people's hair standing on end, but I know then that there was a creeping, tingling sensation in the roots o' mine, as though sand was trickling among it; a cloud seemed to come over my mind, and for a few moments I believe I was mad—mad with fear; and it was only by setting my teeth hard and clenching my fists that I kept from shrieking. However, I was soon better, and ready to laugh at myself as I recollected that I could only be a little way from the spot where the men worked; so I began to wade along with the water here about up to my middle. All at once I stopped, and thought about where I was at work.

"*Which way did the water run?*"

My head turned hot and my temples throbbed with the thought. If I went the wrong way I should be lost—lost in this horrible darkness—to sink at last into the foul, black stream, to be drowned and devoured by the rats, or else to be choked by the foul gases that must be lurking down here in these dark recesses.

Again the horror of thick darkness come upon me: I shrieked out wildly, and the cry went echoing through the sewer, sounding hollow and wild till it faded away. But once more I got the better of it, and persuaded myself that I had only cried aloud to scare the rats. What would I not have given for a stout stick as a defense against attack as I groped my way on, feeling convinced that I should be right if I crawled down stream, when a little reflection would have told me that up stream must be the right way, for I must have been borne down by the water. But I could not reflect, for my brain seemed in a state of fever, and now and then my teeth chattered as though I had the ague.

I groped on for quite a quarter of an hour, when the horrid thought come upon me that I was going wrong, and again I tried to lean up against the wall, which seemed to cause my feet to slip from under me. I felt no cold, for the perspiration dropped from me as I frantically turned back and tried to retrace my steps, guiding myself by running a hand against the wall, where every now and then it entered the mouth of a small drain, when, so sure as it did, there was a scuffle and rush, and more than once I touched the cold, slippery body of a rat—a touch that made me start back as though shot.

On I went, and on, and still no scaffold, and no gleam of gaslight. Thought after thought gave fresh horror to my situation, as now I felt certain that in my frantic haste I had taken some wrong turn, or entered a branch of the main place; and, at last, completely bewildered, I rushed headlong on, stumbling and falling twice over, so that I was half choked in the black water. But it had its good effect; for it put a stop to my wild struggles, which must soon have ended in my falling insensible into what was certain death. The water cooled my head, and now, feeling completely lost—knowing that I must have been nearly two hours in the sewer—I made up my mind to follow the stream to its mouth in the Thames, where, if the tide was down, I could get from the mud on to the wharf or bank.

So once more I struggled on, following the stream slowly for what seemed to be hours, till at last, raising my hand, I found I could not touch the roof, and by that knew that I was in a larger sewer, and therefore not very far from the mouth. But here there was a new terror creeping up me, so to speak, for from my waist the water now touched my chest, and soon after my arm-pits; when I stopped, not daring to trust myself to swim, perhaps a mile, when I felt that weak I could not have gone a hundred yards.

I know in my disappointment I gave a howl like a wild beast, and turned again to have a hard fight to breast the rushing water, which nearly took me off my legs. But the fear of death lent me help, and I got on and on again till I felt myself in a turning which I soon knew was a smaller sewer, and from thence I reached another, where I had to stoop; but the water was shallower, not above my knees, and at last much less deep than that.

Here I knelt down to rest, and the position brought something else from my heart; and, after a while, still stooping, I went on, till, having passed dozens upon dozens of drains, I determined to creep up one, and I did.

P'raps you won't think it strange as I dream and groan in bed sometimes, when I tell you what followed.

I crawled on, and on, and on, in the hopes that the place I was in would lead under one of the street gratings, and I kept staring ahead in the hopes of catching a gleam of light, till at last the place seemed so tight that I dared go no further for fear of being fixed in. So I began to back very slowly, and then, feeling it rather hard work, stopped for a rest.

It was quite dry here, but, scuffling on in front, I kept hearing the rats I had driven before me; and now that I stopped and was quite still, half a dozen of them made a rush to get past me, and the little fight which followed even now gives me the horrors. I'd hardly room to move; but I killed one by squeezing him, when the others backed off, but not till my face was bitten and running with blood.

At last, half dead, I tried to back out, for the place seemed to stifle me; and I pushed myself back a little way, and then I was stopped, for the skirts of my jacket filled up what little space had been left, and I felt that I was wedged in, stuck fast.

Now came the horrors again worse than ever. The hot blood seemed to gush into my eyes; I felt half-suffocated; and to add to my sufferings a rat, that felt itself as it were penned up, fastened upon my lip. It was its last bite, however, for half mad as I felt then, my teeth had closed in a moment upon the vicious beast, and it was dead.

I made one more struggle, but could not move, I was so knocked up; and then I fainted.

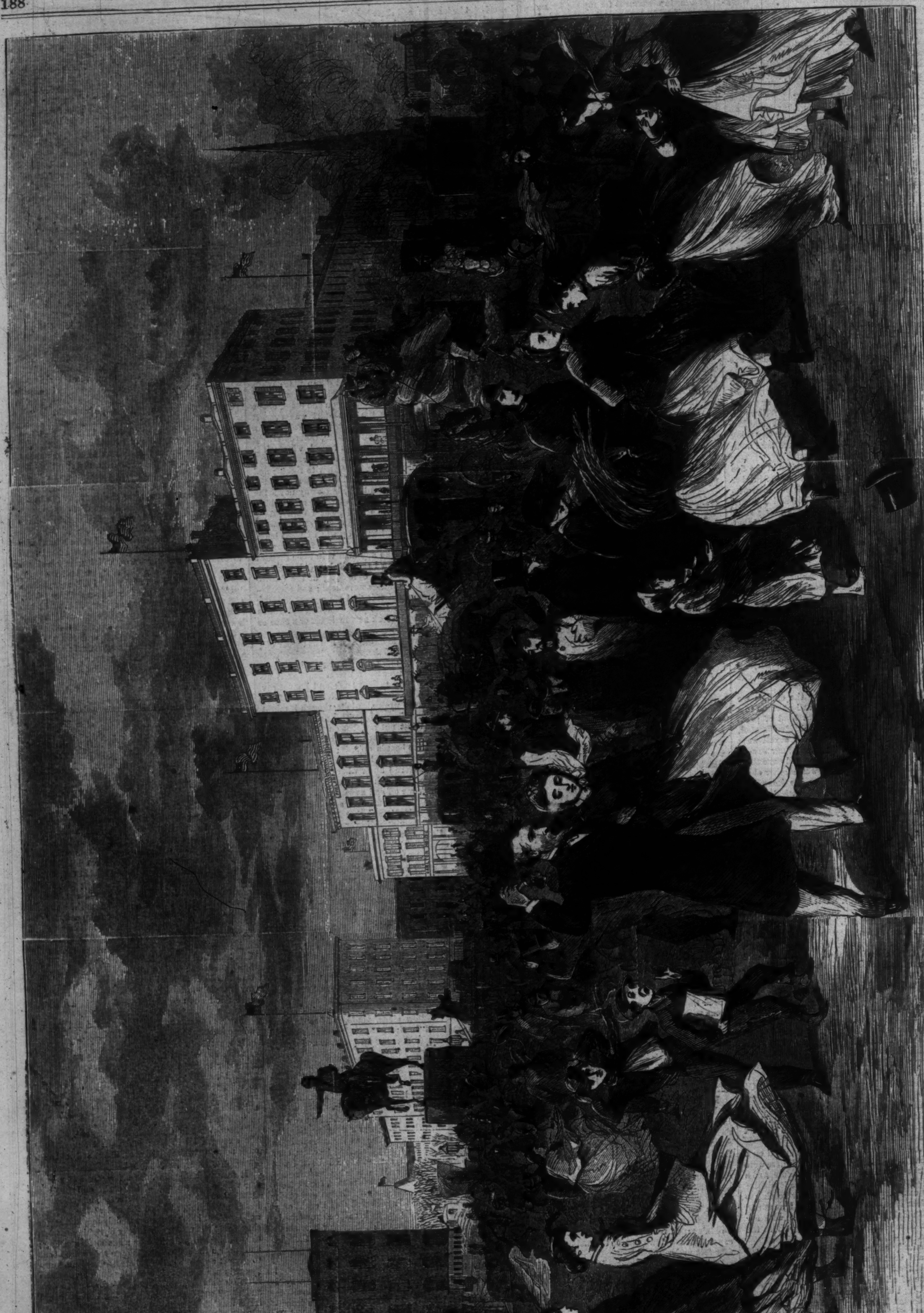
It must have been some time before I come to myself; but when I did, the first sound I heard was a regular tramp, tramp, of some one walking over my head, and I gave a long yell for help; when, to my great joy, the step halted, and I shrieked again, and the sweetest sound I have ever heard in my life came back. It was a voice shouting,

"Hallo!"

"Stuck fast in the drain!" I shouted, with all the strength I had left; and then I swooned off once more, to wake up a week afterward, out of a brain-fever sleep, in a hospital.

It seems I had got within a few yards of a grating which was an end o' the drain, and the close quarters made the rats so fierce. The policeman heard my shriek, and had listened at the grating, and then got help; but he was only laughed at, for they could get no further answer out o' me. It was then about half past three on a summer's morning; and though the grate was got open they were about to give it up, saying the policeman had been humbugged; when a couple o' sweeps came up, and the little un offered to go down back'ards, and he did, and came out directly after, saying that he could feel a man's head with his toes.

That policeman has had many a glass at my expense since, and I hope he'll have a many more; and when he tells me the story, which I like to hear—but always take care shall be when Polly's away—he says he knows I should have liked to see how they tore that drain up in no time. To which there's always such an echo in my heart that it comes quite natural to say, "You're right, my boy!"



UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, ON A WINDY DAY IN MARCH.

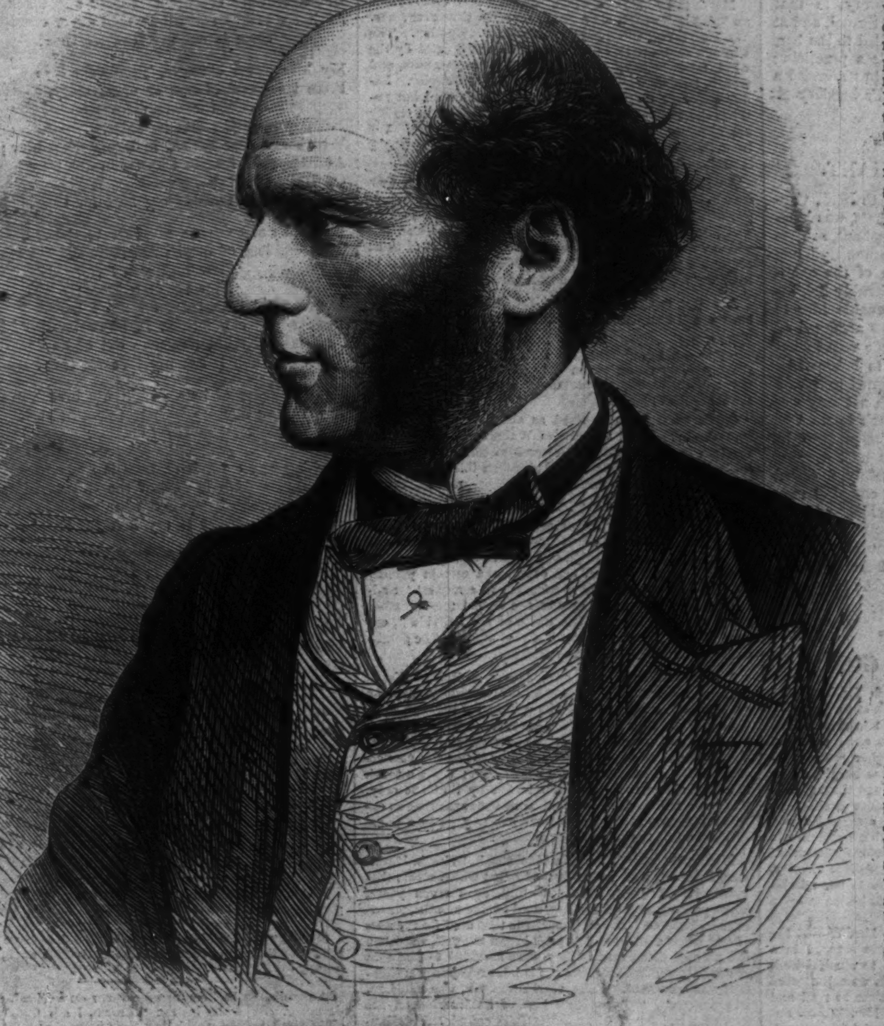
MR. T. HUGHES, M.P.

OUR readers will remember that, in our paper for January 27, we published an article by THOMAS HUGHES, the new Member of Parliament for Lambeth, entitled "Peace on Earth." No vindication of the cause for which our armies have fought has been bolder than this generous effort of Mr. HUGHES, and nowhere have the enemies of the United States met a refutation more complete and unanswerable. We give our readers on this page a photograph of this eminent statesman.

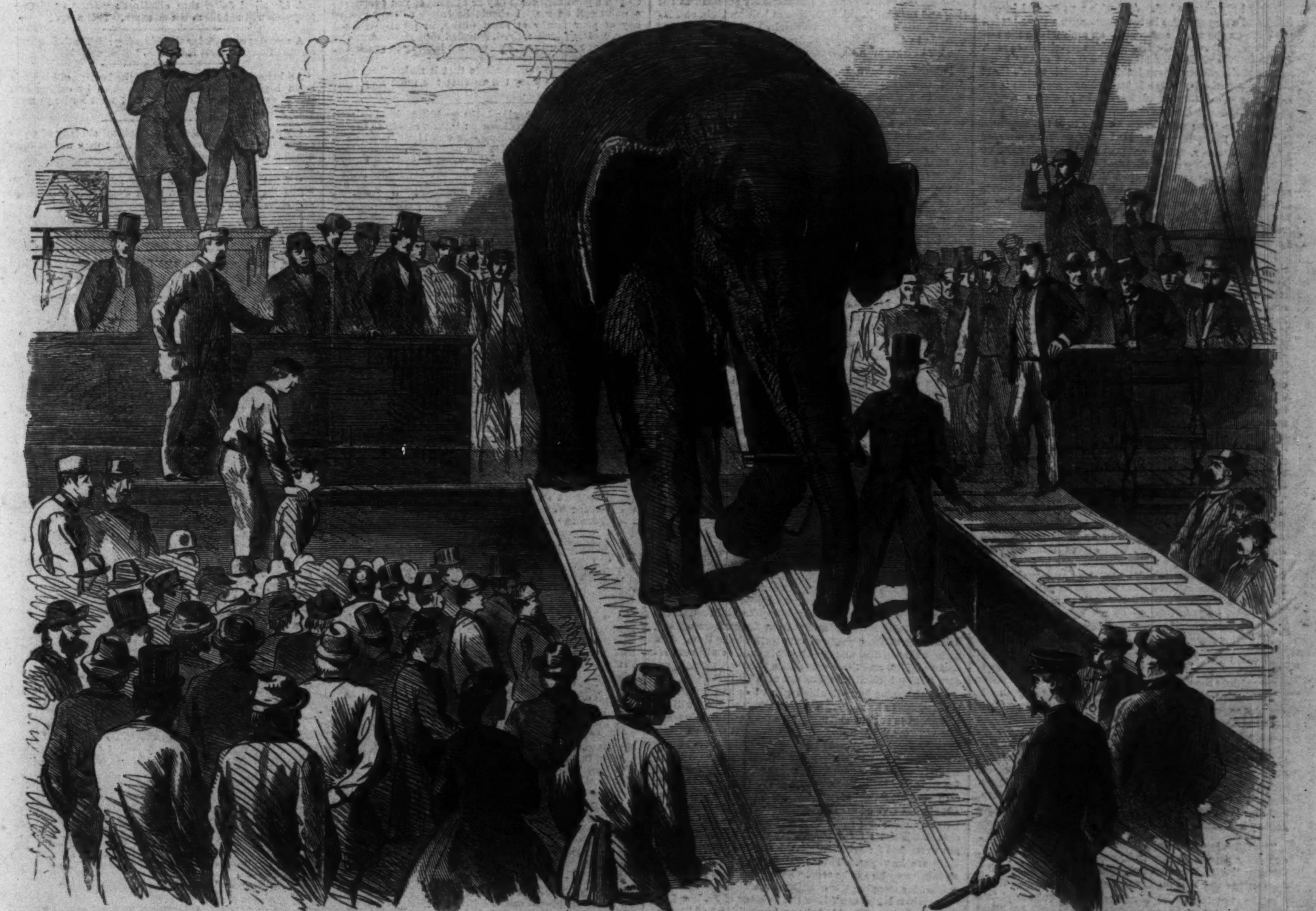
The new member for Lambeth is claimed by a large part of the English people as one of their familiar friends. Mr. THOMAS HUGHES—the author of "Tom Brown's School-days," and of one or two more books which have found their way, perhaps, to a less number of readers, but are scarcely less characteristic of the man from whom they came—has made himself pretty well known to a good many of his countrymen, high and low, not only as a novelist and magazine writer, but in various departments of practical work; and, though he is neither a peripatetic platform speaker nor a bustling patron of temporary exhibitions, he has long been reckoned a man of mark in the world of public life.

We need not here pass any criticism on those pleasant, wholesome, and instructive stories, or rather sketches, of English domestic and scholastic manners which commend themselves to the young as well as to the old by their frank cheerfulness of spirit, their hearty appreciation of all harmless pleasures, combined with a shrewd worldly wisdom, and what seems not incompatible with these moral elements—a noble enthusiasm for duty and virtue, with a manly sentiment of true religion. It is possible that these books may have caused him to be regarded as the literary champion of two great principles which have grown more fashionable than ever in the last twelve or fourteen years—the one being called "Muscular Christianity," and the other definable as an absolute conviction of the superiority of the English race in the fighting and working qualities—in toughness, pluck, and bottom—to every other race of mankind. But the boastful insolence which is bred of mere animal ferocity has never been countenanced by him, nor has he ever sanctioned those tirades of ignorant bigotry against all that is foreign to England in which Englishmen are too apt to indulge. He has shown that the stanchest English patriotism is consistent with an enlightened interest in the prospects of freedom on the Continent of Europe, and with a cordial affection for the citizens of the great American Republic, whose mighty struggle he watched in a sympathizing spirit, and one of whose best representatives—Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL—has been introduced by him to a high literary rank among his countrymen.

The claims, however, of Mr. HUGHES more especially to the confidence and good-will of the working-classes are quite independent of any popularity which he may have gained as an agreeable writer. While he has always disliked and eschewed the ways of the demagogue, and held aloof from the vain turmoil of common political agitation, it has been his steady endeavor to make the most of those agencies of social reform which bid fair to open a road for the poorest and humblest of his fellow-countrymen to the safe and salutary possession of a share of power in the state. Mr. HUGHES does not endeavor to set class against class, or appeal to the narrow prejudices and interests of one portion of the community to disparage and contemn the others. His chief aim, on the contrary, is to foster those sentiments of mutual respect and kindness among them all, without which the freest political institutions are but means of mischief. It was, we believe, through the unwearied zeal and industry of Mr. HUGHES, and of those with whom he worked, that the necessary alterations in the law of partnership were obtained from Parliament in order to legalize the formation of the working-men's stores for the supply of retail wares at wholesale price, and of the limited-liability companies for manufacturing and trading enterprises, which have been formed on the co-operative principle. Mr. HUGHES has continued to bestow his assistance on all these self-supporting industrial associations of the working men, both in the metropolis and in the north of England; he has been accustomed to act as their legal adviser, and to prepare the title-deeds or conveyances of their property, their agreements of partnership, their statutes or rules, and other instruments required. Work of this description is not the less valuable though done in



THOMAS HUGHES, M.P. FOR LAMBETH.



LANDING OF AN ENORMOUS ELEPHANT FROM THE "CORNELIUS GRINNELL," AT NEW YORK, MARCH 8, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 190.]

the privacy of his Lincoln's Inn chambers; and the men for whom it is done have shown that they are grateful by exalting Mr. Hughes to the position of a triumphant candidate on the hustings, at the Lambeth election, last July.

Mr. Hughes was born at Uffington, Berkshire, in 1823, being the second son of John Hughes, Esq., of Downington Priory, Newbury, in that county. He was educated at Rugby School, and at Oriel College, Oxford. He was called to the bar, at the Inner Temple, in 1848, and is a practicing barrister in the equity courts. He has married a daughter of the Rev. James Ford, Prebendary of Exeter, and has several children.

LANDING AN ELEPHANT.

From on board the ship *Cornelius Grinnell*, Captain Spencer, one of the London packets, was landed, on the 8th of March, a large elephant, said to weigh nearly four tons. "His Immensity" had passed the voyage in the seclusion of the deck-house—amidships—which was considerably heightened for his accommodation. To enable him to reach the wharf a stout platform was arranged of oak plank, sloping from the side of the vessel; but it required a great deal of coaxing to induce him to risk his weight upon it, as he seemed to have a preference for the gang-plank, which not only was provided with cleets, but sloped much less. The gangway cracked ominously upon the pressure of one foot, and therefore the elephant took courage and "walked the plank" in perfect safety, followed through the streets by an admiring crowd of men and boys, who sympathized in his evident relief at getting upon *terra firma* once more.

The name of this elephant is Abracum. He was brought from London. He stands 9 feet 6 inches high, consumes daily a hundred-weight of hay, and drinks ten gallons of water.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Reader, did you ever sit up to watch for burglars? No? Then you have an experience yet in store for you.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed our good housekeeper the other night as, distrusting the servant's care, she went herself to fasten the front-door for the night: "The door-key is gone! They have taken it! Those burglars have stolen it!" And the worthy lady examined the key-hole and searched the floor in a state of intense excitement. Now the simple loss of the key—though a suspicious circumstance—would not have produced such a commotion in Mrs. W——'s mind had she not been previously disturbed by sundry stories of dark deeds in her immediate vicinity. And this strange loss was proof positive—to her mind—that the attempt to enter her house was to be made—perhaps that very night.

Sympathetic consolation was offered to Mrs. W——, the police were notified—the keyless door was secured in a manner that would put locks and keys to shame—and, finally, in a fit of enthusiastic benevolence, we volunteered to sit up and watch. "What a grand time to read and write!" we thought, privately; though Mrs. W—— endeavored to impress us with a sense of weighty responsibility.

Every body goes to bed. And with a new novel in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other—with a three-bladed penknife on the table, and—well—an umbrella in the corner, we settle down in the comfortable easy-chair—to read. In the middle of Chapter IV., as the "wee small" hours come on, the silence grows intense. Hark! what's that? and every auricular nerve is tort. Nonsense! that is nothing but the distant crackling of the kitchen fire. We read half a dozen lines—then jump up and strain the ear at the parlor-door; nay, more, we lean over the basement stairs and listen intently. Ha! that peculiar scraping noise grows louder. Pit-a-pat goes our heart and down we rush into the dining-room, zealous to demolish the invader. The gas streams in as we open the door and behold—a masked man with a cudgel in his hand? Pooh! nothing of the kind! We see Mrs. W——'s pet Tabby, standing in the middle of the room with erect head, immense tail, and great eyes, staring wildly at the results of her untimely scratchings.

Rather crest-fallen we return to the parlor resolving that the cat shall be put out at night, or given away. The pen is better than a book, but only a half page is written, when a stealthy—we fancy—step on the sidewalk arouses us. We peer through the blind. What business have those two perambulators to be prowling around this time of night? We watch them suspiciously as they cross and recross the house. What o'clock? Only two, and we fall to writing again. Hark! A noise in the key-hole, and the sense of hearing grows keener. Pshaw! that is only the rats. Guess the cat is worth keeping on the whole. We resume the novel, pretending to be intensely interested. Half past two! hold the watch to the ear, to make sure that it has not stopped. A peculiar, regular sound; we listen and investigate. Nothing but the water dripping from a loose fascet. A heavy regular tread announces the police. They stop to see if all is safe. Yes, but it is three o'clock, and the house might have been sacked long ago, and they never have been the wiser. The silence deepens. We wonder if there is such unearthly stillness and such peculiar noises every night when we are in dreamland? And we fall into a reverie (interrupted by the occasional pricking up of our ears) which lasts until morning and Mrs. W—— come simultaneously.

We might well have a larger police force in some quarters of the city, where the "beats" are unreasonably long. Burglars, however, have other enemies as well as the police. New Yorkers are sharper and more curious than Londoners, we judge, for we do not believe such a story as the following would ever even have been *told* of them. This is the story, though, of course, we can't prove the truth of it:

A gentleman, residing in London, shut up his house, and went into the country for the summer vacation. After a few weeks' absence he returned, with his key in his pocket, to open his house. Judge his astonishment when he found nothing but the *lot of land* upon which his house had stood! On inquiry it was ascertained that a few days after he left the city the neighbors and others noticed that the building was open, and that men were carrying away the furniture in broad daylight. They, however, supposing the owner had given such orders, asked no questions. Pretty soon the men began to take down the house, and openly carried off all the building materials, because nobody had curiosity enough to investigate!

The following paragraph from a recent article in one of our daily papers, on city nuisances, gives indication that our new Health Board mean to open the way for receiving suggestions and information:

"The Complaint Book is not yet ready, but complaints are steadily coming in to head-quarters. Books are being prepared for the purpose of having the complaints entered, one of which will be left at each of the police stations in the district, and one at police head-quarters.

The Senate has passed the joint resolution to pay Miss Clara Barton $15,000 for expenses in searching for and publishing lists of missing soldiers, and for the further prosecution of that work. The vote was unanimous. Miss Barton's own means are exhausted—we believe she has spent about $8000—and Congress does the merest justice to repay her and to supply funds for continuing her noble work.

March came in "like a lion," and has been roaring like an infuriated wild beast a good part of the time ever since. Walking is any thing but a pleasurable occupation. The winter's accumulation of filth in the streets, dried by the wind, takes to itself wings and flies into eyes, nose, and mouth, half strangling the unfortunate promenader. Ladies endeavor to protect themselves with veils; but nothing short of the thickest double veils—which in reality are blinding—can keep one's face decently clean. We trust in the old saying that March will go out "like a lamb."

An exchange tells of a war-worn veteran who is now wearing his third nose. He lost the original article in battle, was then presented with an India rubber one, which was also shot away, and is now wearing a wooden one which he made out of an ammunition box! It is to be presumed that the scent of gunpowder is still grateful to his nostrils; at all events he *nose* what it is.

A writer in the London *Medical Gazette* gives the following lucid explanation of the phenomenon of a lady's blush:

"The mind communicates with the central ganglion; the latter, by inflex action through the brain and facial nerve, with the organic nerves in the face, with which its branches inosculate."

Queen Victoria is reported as shocked at discovering that the Prince and Princess of Wales smoked cigarettes together in a little blue satin sanctum called their smoking-room. This pernicious and reprehensible practice was taught her Royal Highness by her scape-grace husband; and, horrible to say, she likes it.

Not so very long ago, in one of the Western States, there was a certain Baptist church, whose members were not exactly a unit on the subject of immersion. At a meeting of church officers, on one occasion, a certain person, not remarkable for purity of life, sent in a request for admission into their fold. One of the committee—a rather rough man—on hearing the name of the individual, exclaimed: "*That man!* Well, if *that* man is to be admitted to the church he ought to *soak overnight!*"

A pair of African twins, on exhibition in Raleigh (North Carolina), constitute a greater natural curiosity than the celebrated Siamese twins. The connection between these girls is closer than in the Siamese twins, beginning below the neck and terminating at the extremity of the spine. To touch one at any point of the body below the connection sends a sensation to the brain of each; while a touch of either above the connection is felt by that one only. They can talk to different persons at the same time on entirely different subjects; and one can engage in a game of whist while the other reads or sings.

A singular story is told of a blacksmith, living in Ilminster, England, who has performed a feat which rivals that ascribed to William Tell. A child, aged seven years, while playing with his brother, aged twelve months, placed over its head an iron band similar to that used for the nuts of cart wheels. The child's neck began to swell, and when the parents discovered it they were horrified to find that it was impossible to remove the band, and speedy suffocation was imminent. Coles, the blacksmith, was called in, and suggested the desperate idea of hammering off the iron with a sledge, and he successfully completed his dangerous task. While one person held the legs and another the head of the little one, Coles fearlessly smashed at the ring and severed it. A false blow of half an inch, and instantaneous death must have resulted. It would be impossible to describe the joy of the parents at the success of the bold blacksmith.

Fancy Balls have been very brilliant and amusing in Paris this season—although, of course, Lent has brought them to a close. Some of the costumes exhibited have been so very unique that we can not forbear giving one or two for the amusement of our lady readers. It is said that at a recent fancy ball the Marchioness de Gallifet excited more than her usual share of admiration and delight as an Archangel. Her costume was a short petticoat of white cashmere richly embroidered in gold; the bodice appeared to represent glistening scale-armor. She bore wings at each side made of white feathers; these arched high in the air, and then descended below the knee; her luxuriant golden hair floated over her shoulders and down her back in long careless ringlets. A diamond star glistened on her forehead, and even when dancing she brandished a small steel sword in her beautifully-formed ungloved hand.

Another great attraction was the *cortége* of a very beautiful woman, attired as a Japanese, who was carried in a palanquin, and escorted by a numerous train of Japanese youths, represented by the *attachés* from the Embassy. A very beautiful young Parisian, Mdlle. C——, was attired as the Queen of the Amazons, in a scarlet satin petticoat covered with symbolical animals; the bodice was a tiger skin, and the head-dress a small gold helmet. The beautiful Mrs. Miles was Amphitrite, in a sea-green gauze dress, apparently powdered all over with silver. A silver tunic decorated with shells, coral, and feathery sea-weeds. A bandelet of sea-shells round her head, and her hair studded with precious stones and crystal drops. Mme. de Tocqueville represented a shower of gold, in a dress of gold brocade, covered with a skirt of white tulle *bouillonné* to the waist, and over that a white tulle tunic studded with gold and fringed with small gold balls; the bodice was covered with similar gold balls, and the hair was profusely powdered with gold.

But to turn to those fashions which may be of rather more practical interest to the majority of American ladies. It is stated that "crinoline is at last entirely disappearing in evening toilets, although it is still seen under promenade and morning dresses. But for evening wear starched petticoats are now adopted instead of steel cages. These petticoats are made quite plain round the hips, and have several flounces from the knee downward. About four of these petticoats are worn at one time. The material is muslin, and the starch is stiff. Only very eccentric ladies, and those who desire to be conspicuous, are seen totally without crinoline out of doors."

Yet the same journal which gives this as the Parisian style, sends to its readers a paper pattern which "will enable them to cut out and make up a very well sitting crinoline at home." And, moreover, states that the real fact is that "crinolines are not as yet 'going out;' they are only diminishing in size. They are still clung to with a pertinacity which has never, we believe, before been evinced for any article of ladies' costume. They have been written at, jeered at, talked at, unceasingly for ten years or more; *Punch* has leveled endless critical shafts against these apparently offending garments; but all to no avail. The case stands thus: for outdoor wear small round crinolines are worn, and for evening toilets large train-shaped crinolines are in vogue. This is the rule, although there are certain exceptions to be seen, where crinoline is patronized neither for morning nor evening dress."

American ladies can follow the fashions of Paris or London; or, better still, this being a boasted land of liberty, they may adopt such a style as is healthful, tasteful, convenient, and comfortable.

SIMILES.

To what shall I liken my love for thee?
To the measureless sky, the boundless sea?
Verily no,
It is not so!
The sky is not ever so clear and bright,
But oftentimes clouded and dark and black,
As if the bright sunshine would never come back.
Such is not my love for thee!

My love never changes, 'tis always free
From the cloud of fear or uncertainty.
No storms arise
To dim its skies,
Which are ever bathed in hope's deep blue;
And happiest fancies like sunbeams play
On its shadowless bosom night and day.
And such is my love for thee!

I would not compare my love to the *sea*,
That emblem of fitful inconstancy.
Now raging here,
Now rippling there;
It can not be trusted for long, I trow.
Besides you can fathom it, know its breadth,
And take the hid treasures out of its depth.
Such is not my love for thee!

But the *ocean* of love within my breast,
Is a raging storm which is never at rest,
Boundless, endless,
And fathomless.
Nothing can calm it or take it away,
The waves dash high, but the tide of Time
Can never affect this sea of mine.
And *such* is my love for thee!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SEASONABLE TRANSLATION.

Lentus in Umbra—Under a lent umbrella.

Amusement for Young Ladies on a Wet Afternoon.—Knitting their Eyebrows.

To a Correspondent.—A gentleman troubled with a short memory having acquired the bad habit of turning down a leaf of a book so as to remember where he left off, writes to say that he never can recollect a street that he's only been in once. How is he to remedy this defect? Very simply: let him do as he does with his books, turn down a corner.

QUESTION TO A WORKING GARDENER.

"Of all your trees which yields most fruit?" Says he, "Sir, the best fruits come from my *Indus-tree*."

A Coursing Conundrum.—When is a greyhound not a greyhound?—When it turns a hare.

Scraggy.—Miss Martineau is supposed to have counseled the Ballet to prudence in her excellent work, *Mind among the Spindles*.

A gentleman had conferred a favor on a friend, an undertaker. Says the latter: "Brown, I am under great obligations to you, and allow me to say that your kindness is keenly appreciated, and I hope I may be able to do you a good turn some day or other. If you ever want a coffin call on me. I should be happy to bury you or any of your family at short notice, at greatly reduced rates." His friend retired, satisfied that the undertaker had an eye to business, and was not lacking in gratitude.

Gentlemen who smoke allege that it makes them calm and complacent. They tell us that the more they fume the less they fret.

Epitaph.—The following is the world-renowned epitaph of the Lady Elizabeth O'Leoney: "First cousin to Burke, commonly called the Sublime, she was bland, passionate, and deeply religious. Also she painted in water-colors, and sent many pictures to the Great Exhibition, and of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Slight changes make great differences. "Dinner for nothing" is very good fun, but you can't say as much of "nothing for dinner."

At what hour did the devil make his appearance in the Garden of Eden?—Some time during the night. He certainly came after Eve.

If you have a cough, don't go to church to disturb the *rest* of the congregation.

The editor who "did not mind his stops" introduced some verses thus: "The poem published this week was composed by an esteemed friend who has lain in his grave many years for his own amusement."

Brewers' Language—He-brew.

A Curious Epitaph.—The following epitaph may now be seen in Denmore church-yard: "Here lie the remains of John Hall, grocer. The world is not worth a fig, and I have good raisins in saying so."

"Pray, Sir," said a judge angrily, to a blunt old Quaker, from whom no direct answer could be obtained, do you know what we sit here for?" "Yes, verily, I do," said the Quaker; "three of you for four dollars each day, and the fat one in the middle for four thousand a year."

The pawnbroker's favorite time of year—the season of Lent.

Household Note.—(By a Cockney.) What to do with Cold Mutton.—*Heat* it.

A man in Cincinnati adopted an original way of reducing household expenses. One morning, when he knew his wife would see him, he kissed the servant girl. The household expenses were instantly reduced twelve dollars per month.

Mr. Jenkins was dining at a very hospitable table, but a piece of bacon near him was so very small that the lady of the house remarked to him:

"Pray, Mr. Jenkins, help yourself to the bacon. Don't be afraid of it!"

"No, indeed, madam, I shall not be. I've seen a piece twice as large and it didn't scare me a bit."

"Guilty or not guilty?" sharply said the City Judge the other day to an inattentive female prisoner in the dock. "Just as your Honor pleases. It's not for the likes o' me to dictate to your Honor's worship," was the reply.

Spain is at red-hot heat with Chili for having captured one of her vessels. What a fizzing there will be! Perhaps Spain will find herself in hot water even by dabbling in *Chilly* affairs.

Literary Intelligence.—Shortly will appear by the author of *Prometheus Bound*, *Prometheus Half-bound*; to be followed by *Prometheus in Cloth with gilt edges*.

A certain landlady, it is said, makes her pies so light that her lodgers can see to go to bed without a candle after eating a moderate-sized piece.

Somebody describing the absurd appearance of a man dancing the polka, says, "He looks as though he had a hole in his pocket, and was trying to shake a shilling down the leg of his trowsers."

Snooks says the prettiest sewing-machine he ever saw was about seventeen years old, with short sleeves, low dress, and gaiter boots on.

TRUTH *vs.* FALSEHOOD.

There is a saying, strange to tell,
Though men in books have often stuck it—
It is, that Truth *lies* in a well.
If so, then Truth has kicked the bucket.

Why are books the best friends?—Because when they bore you, you can always shut them up without offense.

A noted itinerant preacher, once said of a grasping, avaricious farmer, that if he had the whole world inclosed in a single field he would not be content without a patch of ground outside for potatoes.

Why does the eye resemble a schoolmaster in the act of flogging?—It has a pupil under the lash.

An Emeralder, on admiring a beautiful cemetery, observed that he considered it a healthy place to be buried in.

The only pain that we can make light of—A window pane.

The lady whose peace of mind was broken intends to have it repaired.

Why is swearing like a ragged coat?—It is a bad habit.

A man may care,
And still be bare,
If his wife be naught;
A man may spend,
And still may mend,
If his wife be aught.

A clerical gentleman, who appeared before the gipsy sovereign, Queen Esther, with his third wife, was apostrophized thus by her: "Ah, Mr. Blank, ye're an awfu' waster o' women!"

They are fools who persist in being quite miserable because they can not be quite happy.

"Who's there?" screamed old Squire B——, roused from his first nap one bitter cold midnight. "Who's there?"

"Hallea, Squire!" was the reply. "We want to get married."

"You're one. And now be off with you," said the Squire, with emphasis.

Sir Edwin Landseer's Motto—Give a dog a good name and hang him.

Why are ladies like churches?—Because there is no living without them.

A punster says: "My name is Somerset. I am a miserable bachelor. I can not marry; for how could I hope to prevail on a young lady, possessed of the slightest notion of delicacy, to turn a Somerset."

A Chemical Joker thus alkalizes: "Some people say saleratus will not harm the stomach. It is a *ley*."

A newspaper contains the following: "Truth is crowded out of our columns this week."

An honest Irishman, observing the bearers of his wife's coffin beginning to trot, reproved them by calling out, "Asy, asy, ye thieves of the world; what for be ye making a toil of pleasure?"

"My 'pinion is," said a philosophical old lady of much experience and observation, "that any man as dies upon washin' day does it out of pure spite."

"What are you about with my microscope, George?"
"I've been shaving, father, and I want to see if there are any hairs in the lather as yet."

Can a man keep his feet dry when he has a *creak* in his boots?

The young gentleman who flew into a passion has had his wings clipped.

A Cockney's Epitaph on his Cook.—"Peace to her hashes!"

Understanding the Text.—A clergyman, when the contribution-box returned with little silver in it, said he never before understood the text, "Alexander, the coppersmith, did me much evil."

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why is a man who squints like a needle that can not be threaded?
Because his eye is defective.

Why are bankrupts more to be pitied than idiots?
Because bankrupts are broken, while idiots are only cracked.

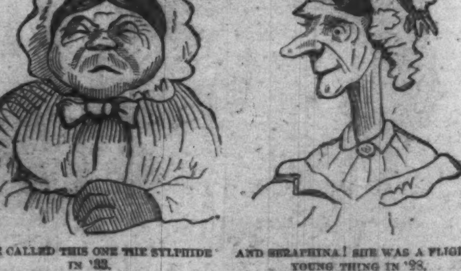
Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest ever known?
Because it had no Eve.

Why are women the greatest thieves?
Because they crib their children, bone their stays, and steel their petticoats and buttons.

Why do little birds feel depressed early in a summer morning?
Because their bills are overdue (dew).

Why is the letter E amphibious?
Because it is found both in earth and water.

Who do children hate the most?
The mothers that bore them.



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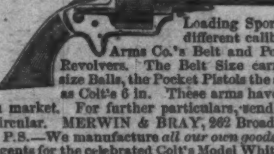

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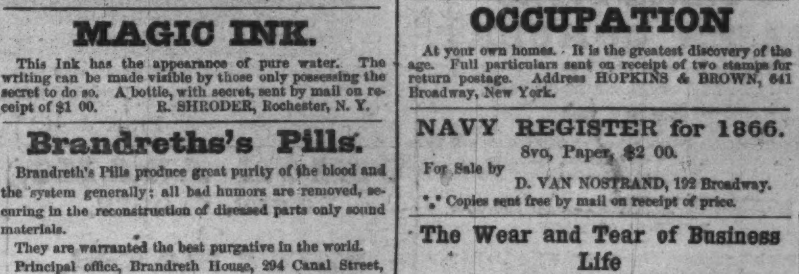

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